

Sports Illustrated

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Contents

JUNE 6, 1966 Volume 24, No. 23

Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

20 A Crazy, Mixed-up 500

After wild confusion and heavy attrition, Italy's richest race went to an English "rookie"—or did it?

24 Space Shot by the Astros

The youthful Houstonians, playing over their heads, had a giddy tour of the National League's first division

28 The Jab That Wiped Out a Smile

Tony Alampi's left earned him another draw with Jerry Quarry, whose co-manager turned souther for a change

30 Winning Son of a Dedicated Loser

Richard Flowers Jr., Tennessee's double threat in football and track, may soon eclipse his outspoken father

46 A Gallic Blend of Old and New

Color photographs examine the new Longchamp, and Whitney Tower reports on France's leading horse trainer

65 Burk's Blinking Black Box

With few real secrets to work with, Penn's unpredictable crew coach decided to electrify his boat

76 Rule of Thumb on the Open Road

Hardbiking is a sport that requires ingenuity, nerve and stamina in the ever-evolving duel with the driver

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 93 Baseball's Week |
| 62 Golf | 94 For the Record |
| 65 Rowing | 95 19th Hole |
| 70 Fishing | |



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Credits on page 94

Next week

THE U.S. OPEN is coming up. Alfred Wright discusses Olympic's challenge. Ken Venturi tells how to attack it and John Underwood writes of a club pro who gets into an Open.

THE BELMONT STAKES takes on added significance this year as Kansas King tries to become the first Thoroughbred since Citation in 1948 to win the Triple Crown of horse racing.

BRAIN-PICKER Bill DeWitt, owner of the Cincinnati Reds, has been in baseball for 50 years. Bob Boyle describes the career of a man who is called both a shuffler and a genius.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Some readers make the natural mistake of assuming that Whitney Tower has been writing horse racing in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since the magazine's first issue nearly 12 years ago. (Some readers think he invented horse racing.) Actually, his first story did not appear until our second issue, August 23, 1954. Since that time there is scarcely an important race in this country that he has not reported or an important figure in racing whom he has not examined carefully. Nor has he neglected the sport's progress on other continents. He has covered a great many of the major classics abroad, particularly in France, which has produced some of the finest racing and best Thoroughbred stock of the past decade.

Last October when Tower was making his annual pilgrimage to Longchamp for the Arc de Triomphe, he met François Mathet, a trainer who is to French Thoroughbred racing what the late Ben Jones of Calumet was to the sport in the U.S.—except for one thing. Though taciturn, Ben Jones was at least approachable, Mathet, so far as anyone knew, had never given an inter-

view to the press during his long career. Tower thought he might change that and asked Mathet if he could spend some time with him. Mathet suggested Tower try him later in the year when the flat racing season was over, and he could waste some time with a journalist. Like an hour.

So when December rolled around, Tower flew to Paris, motored for an hour to Chantilly, where Mathet trains his horses, and presented himself to this most dedicated and unapproachable of horsemen. Whit speaks good American-style French, but as he always does when planning to visit France, he engaged the services of his friend, Godolphin Darley, a French journalist and horse trader and, most important of all, an adept translator.

By the time the prescribed hour was up, Mathet realized—as have so many American professionals—that he was dealing with a journalist who knew his trade. "Why not come back to my house and have some lunch?" he asked Tower (and translator). Back they went, and there they stayed for the remainder of the afternoon, and Tower's interview of one hour stretched into six. The result: the first interview ever granted—and now printed on page 51 following color photographs of the new Longchamp track—with the foremost European trainer of his generation.

The year-round sport of racing keeps Whit hopping. Right now he is occupied with the prospect that Kauai King might become the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948. He will, of course, report for us on the final race in the series, next week's Belmont Stakes. And his account will be, as usual, the most readable and knowledgeable you will find.



TOWER (LEFT) AND FRANÇOIS MATHE

Garry Valk



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SHOPWALK

Three bright young businessmen from
Wyoming with a lot of iron in the fire

You may have a million acres of ground
and a lot of cows, but you ain't got
much till you got a brand." So goes an old
cowboy saying.

You had to have a brand way back in the
days of ancient Egypt if you didn't want
some ornery, good-for-nothing rustler to
make off with your cattle or slaves. And,
centuries later, one of the first gentlemen in
the Americas, Hernando Cortés, conqueror
of Mexico, had to have a brand for his live-
stock. He used three Christian crosses.

In the open-range days of what is fondly
known as the Old West branding irons were
vital. There were running irons (a red-hot
iron with a blunt point used as a stylus to
trace a brand on the hide of an animal) and
stamping irons with fixed designs. They were
and are the real American heraldry. Instead
of eagles and rampant lions, or fleur-de-lis,
griffins or wyverns, these American heraldic
designs are indigenous and understandable
things, such as coltsfoot (upright with lid
closed, upright with lid open, lying on the
right or left side, tilted or upside down),
hedge bits, bootocks, butterflies, teapots,
knives, lamp chimneys, shovels, hats, um-
brellas, seeps, turkey tracks, warbonnets
and a host of other familiar objects. A good
brand should be simple, big enough to read
at a distance, suggestive of a name if possible
(to make it easier to remember) and, finally,
it should not blotch—this last to discourage
rustlers, who might want to alter it.

When fences came along, a lot of people
thought brands might not be needed any
longer, but it turned out that with more cat-
tle and more people raising cattle even more
brands were needed to thwart rustlers. To-
day cattle states still have thousands of reg-
istered brands. Wyoming alone has 22,466
registered in the Brand Division of the Live-
stock and Sanitary Board in Cheyenne.

The official state brand books probably
will not grow much larger, but there are soon
going to be more branding irons around the
U.S. than there are cows. They are in de-
mand as decorative pieces for dens and pa-
tios and as novel pokers for fireplaces and
outside grills. They can also be used to brand
your leather goods, your steak or a piece of
pine board for a gate or door sign. Said one
grizzled old Colorado cowpuncher: "The
dudes'll be branding the left rear fender of
their shiny station wagons next thing you
know."

To meet the demands of collectors of west-
ern Americana, three bright young men
have a brand-new brand business going in
the little town of Lusk (pop. 1,890) in east-
ern Wyoming. Under the firm name of The

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Blacksmith, 242 Rawhide Avenue, they are turning out 200 branding irons a day. They are using old Wyoming brands but will make brands to order or will even design them for the discriminating 1966 condominium cowboy who must have one of his very own. Prices range from \$3 to \$18.

The three young men are Paul Holtz, 32, administrative assistant to Wyoming's Governor Clifford P. Hansen, James B. Griffith Jr., 39, editor of *The Lusk Herald*, and Dr. Lawrence McGarvin, 31, a dentist, who sometimes worries about what his patients will think when they find out he is also in the blacksmith business. The trio got the idea of making branding irons while having coffee one morning in the Ranger Hotel in Lusk. The town had been losing payroll lately. The telephone company automated and let out 18 operators. A couple of other businesses, including a creamery, were in the process of moving away. What could they do or make that would tie into the Old West and still not duplicate what someone else was doing? Then someone thought about branding irons, authentically made and ready for decoration or use.

The trio went to see W. W. (Buck) Culver, a 56-year-old real, honest-to-goodness blacksmith who runs the Western Repair Shop, the only automobile and truck spring manufacturer in the state. Buck has three men and a woman in his shop and does just about everything except shoe horses. He keeps a stock of different-size horseshoes for the convenience of neighboring ranchers and farmers, but he hasn't done any shoeing himself since he was laid up after trying to put a shoe on a fractious bronc. Buck and his helpers (one of them, 74-year-old John Mudra, has been pounding away at metal since 1910), make gate hinges, grillwork, trailers, branding chutes, rustic door latches and fireplace sets, as well as automobile and truck springs.

Buck listened to the three young would-be purveyors of branding irons, shook his head and said, "I've made hundreds of branding irons for cows, calves, horses and sheep, but never for dudes. Oh, well, here we go again."

A proper sort of stamping iron customarily has a handle about two and a half feet long. The letters, numerals or figures are usually about four inches high. Quarter-inch to half-inch iron is generally used, since the best branding iron is one that will hold heat well and still leave a neat mark. Most brands consist of a combination of two or three characters, though some have only one and some have as many as four.

After a little experimentation the Lusk entrepreneurs decided to make their stamp out of "mild steel" pounded down from three-eighths of an inch to three-sixteenths. Each iron is handmade and is somewhat heavier than the early-day monsters created by blacksmiths in what Buck Culver calls the B W (before welding) period. The long-hand-

continued



ROAR!...That was the sound that Gary Player heard when he won the 1965 U.S. Open to become the third man in history to win the Grand Slam of Golf.

ROAR!...That was the sound that Joe Campbell heard when he won the '68 Tucson Open.

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SHOPWALK continued

dles taper toward the business end for the proper transfer of heat.

It is enough to make a gentleman blush, but just for the heck of it the new firm has turned out some chrome-plated branding irons. "They look like a million dollars," Jim Griffith says with a grin. "But they are worthless if you want to brand anything. They won't heat."

The "authentic reproductions" weigh approximately two and a half pounds and are 35 inches long. Most of them are fairly simple—diamonds, circles, hearts, the box and the open box, rockers and other old favorites. But those who want a special brand can have it, along with a parchment certifying that it has been registered with the Ranchide Brand Association in Lusk. Most brands made thus far have been aged with salt water. "To make them even more genuine we are considering doing some of the aging by using cow chips," Dr. McGarvin says.

The firm is also experimenting with miniature branding irons similar to the small, personalized steak brands made by Sloan Brands in Saginaw, Texas. The miniature has a handle 10 to 11 inches long and is designed to be heated in the coals of a grill and used on a steak.

Griffith and his associates have adopted a slogan, "The All-American Coat of Arms," and have printed up wholesale price lists for the states of Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska and South Dakota. Two salesmen are out on the road visiting gift shops and similar places that handle western curios.

The three owners of The Blacksmith have sold western backdrops. All three are natives of Wyoming. Dr. McGarvin, a graduate of the University of Nebraska dental school, was born in Worland, Wyo. His parents ranched and farmed near there for many years, and his maternal grandfather was a sturdy Scots sheepman who migrated to the United States and settled in Wyoming in the early part of the century to run sheep in northern Wyoming. Griffith's maternal grandfather, Harry Snyder, came up the trail from Texas in 1879, married the pretty schoolteacher, just like they do in song and story, and helped organize Niobrara County (Indian for "running water"), of which Lusk is the county seat. Holtz, a crew-cut, solidly built young man, was born in Lander, the son of a Hopkins-trained physician who has practiced in Wyoming since he was first attracted to the state by big-game hunting in 1928. While Paul was a journalism student at the University of Wyoming he was managing editor of the student newspaper for two years running. Its name: *The Roubidoux Inn*.

"Some of the older ranchers are frowning a bit at our new business," Holtz says. "Will they ever be surprised when Lusk becomes the branding-iron capital of the world?"

—BARRON BISHOP



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After dinner, leisurely discussion, and many choices. Green Creme de Menthe



or Brown Creme de Cacao on the rocks.

Or a Milady's Cocktail ($\frac{3}{4}$ part Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy, $\frac{1}{8}$ part coffee cream. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.)

The night is clear. There's no hurry. A pleasant time to be in pleasant company with Hiram Walker Cordials.

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A RAINBOW OF 21 DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

Fred Vachelli is 46 years old and already he's borrowed \$63,000.

how come
he's smiling?

Fred's pleased. Because the money he's borrowed through the years is actually part of his savings plan. A plan that really works. Here it is: save regularly at a bank and, to keep savings intact and growing, let the bank help out with money for the big, important things most families need.

Fred borrowed for:

House	\$20,000
Cars over the years	12,500
Pete's college	8,000
New business	15,000
Home improvements	4,500
Medical and dental bills	3,000

How about you? Chances are you'll be borrowing for many of the same things while your family grows



up. Handle it like the Vachellis and much of what you pay back on your loans will actually be building a solid estate.

Here's how Fred did it. When he and Evelyn were first married, Fred went to the Full Service bank where he kept his checking account and opened a savings account.

Fred found he could make his savings do double duty at a Full Service bank. First, his nest egg keeps growing with guaranteed interest. Second, his savings help him borrow at lowest bank rates.

After all, most families must borrow a great deal in a lifetime for things they need. So lower loan rates can save you hundreds—even thousands—of dollars.

Take advantage of your Full Service bank—where you save, borrow and build! How do you find one? It's the place where you keep your checking account.

Where you
save, borrow and build



TAME IT'S NOT

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BOOKTALK

A dictionary of racing terms for all of those who are tired of being nerds

A hypothetical letter from one hot rodder to another might read something like this: "On our way to the championship trail in our springy thingy, hoping to eyeball a few haulers cut a fat one, we got mixed up with a squirrel in a porridge pot behind the wheel of a lead-sled who dropped the hammer, shut the gate, then fish-tailed, going into a gill-hole that made us really hang it out and finally get off it altogether." (Translation: On the way to a USAC event in our dragster, hoping to examine a few top-performing cars, we got mixed up with a bad driver in a crash helmet behind the wheel of an excessively heavy custom car who engaged the clutch suddenly and violently, cut in front of us, lost control of the rear end and went into a spin that made us deliberately slide through a corner and finally stop.)

If you understand every word of the original, you probably do not need John Lawlor's new book, *How to Talk Car* (distributed by Dodd, Mead & Co., \$4). If, on the other hand, you are still a weekend warrior, a flyboy, or a Joe-Log Bolt (one who competes in drag racing only on weekends), or if, as an interested spectator, you have trouble following the lingo at the track, you probably are a nerd (one not in the know) and need to spend a profitable hour with Mr. Lawlor's dictionary of racing terms. Would you approach the refreshment stand (the oasis, that is) and ask for a hot dog instead of a tube steak? You're a nerd. Any track regular knows that a hot dog refers only to a top-performing driver, like, say, Arnie Beswick. Parents who overhear their teen-age sons discussing pot or the CID will be relieved to learn that their offspring are neither smoking marijuana nor getting involved with Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department—they're talking about carburetors or cubic-inch displacement.

Author Lawlor, a young journalist with a seat for both cars and the English (?) language, writes with a humor and authority that are often lacking in books described as technical. Henry Gregor Felsen, who provided a foreword to the book, calls sports-car terminology the "most exciting and lively language." He might have added "irreverent." For Dad's big luxury Cadillac or Imperial is known as a hog and Mom may be surprised to know that she does her family driving chores in a sewing machine (Volkswagen). So get the book, if you want to broaden your vocabulary, but don't become a motor mouth. No translation of that needed, I hope.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

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SCORECARD

HEADLINE IN DIXIE

As of this moment, only Kentucky and Vanderbilt, among the 10 Southeastern Conference members, have Negroes on athletic scholarships. Tennessee tried for some Negro basketball stars but missed out. Tulane, formerly of the SEC, has a Negro baseball player on academic scholarship. Georgia Tech, another ex-SEC school, has a nonscholarship Negro trackman, and Georgia had a Negro student who came out for football.

That, apparently, is it in the South—but not for long, thanks in part to Bruce Galphin, a columnist on *The Atlanta Constitution*. Charles Morgan Jr., director of the Southern Regional Office of the American Civil Liberties Union; a handful of faculty members; and the southern coaches. The coaches' pride in their craft or art, and the exigency of winning, can transcend—if not completely eliminate—prejudice.

Morgan has written to the U.S. Commissioner of Education claiming that racial discrimination is being practiced in the awarding of athletic scholarships by universities that have agreed to comply with Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and that therefore their federal aid should be shut off.

General Counsel Howard Glickstein of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights says that if this is the case the schools are indeed in violation of the act and federal funds can be and should be stopped. Peter Libassi, special assistant on civil rights to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, says his department is in the final stages of drafting a compliance report form. "We had planned to ask general questions about the availability of scholarship funds without regard to race and color," he replied to one SEC instructor who had written him. "However, in the light of your document we are exploring the notion of asking about athletic scholarships in particular."

Galphin has disclosed, among other things, that although Georgia Tech was going as far afield as Ohio to find foot-

ball players, it did not travel the 10 miles from Atlanta to Decatur, Ga. to recruit a Negro high school senior named Jack Pitts, whom Duffy Daugherty, the Michigan State coach, called "the finest quarterback prospect we've seen on film."

Actually, Tech, as well as Georgia, would like to get its hands on some Negro ballplayers. If it's a choice between being white and winning, they'll take winning, but the State Board of Regents, a semipolitical body, will not stand for it.

Caught between the coaches' realism and the law of the land, the southern schools cannot hold out much longer. (Ole Miss, for example, got at least \$6 million from the U.S. last year.) Indeed, anticipating the inevitable, there's hardly an athletic department in Dixie that doesn't have an assistant coach scouting Negro high school games.

OH, SAY . . .

Ed Short, the general manager of the Chicago White Sox, hit the high note of the baseball season when, back in April, he became peeved because the fans weren't singing the national anthem before the old ball game.

Short thereupon substituted *God Bless America*; he felt many persons found *The Star-Spangled Banner* too difficult to sing.

One would have thought Short had resunk the *Marse*. Veterans groups exploded like bombs bursting in air, and the *Chicago Daily News* put the story on page one and kept it there, in a brazen play for the Pulitzer Prize.

Let the fans decide, quoth Short, and the fans wanted an line at White Sox Park to receive specially printed red, white and blue ballots, upon which they also pledged to sing the winning song "loud and clear."

Last week the results were announced. Of course, *The Star-Spangled Banner* won. Whaddya think those White Sox fans are—Communists? The vote: *Banner* 14,913, *God Bless* 3,834, *America the Beautiful* 1,368. One hundred and

fifty-three voters, who apparently come out to see a ball game and consider any musical prelude an intolerable delay, chose to have no song at all.

After ushers had passed out circulars with the words, none other than Mitch Miller led the crowd of 16,530 in singing the winner, and the scoreboard was shot off so there would be rockets' red glare. (The Sox are also afraid the mechanism may rust from disuse: Chicago isn't getting that many homers this year.)

"You know, I really would have preferred *America the Beautiful*," Mitch said wistfully. "It's so much more expressive of what our country stands for."

GOING TO THE DOGS

Sport and travel are what's happening with contests. Prizes, for instance, include a fishing trip to Norway, an African safari, a worldwide golf tour, sports cars, motorboats, campers, you name it.

Except nowadays contests are called sweepstakes. This means you don't have to write 25 words or less anymore. All you have to do is send in a label, or facsimile thereof, and fill out a coupon. They don't even ask you to please print.

Take the Red Heart dog food "Native Land" Sweepstakes. Its grand prize is an all-expense 21-day vacation for two to the country where the winning dog's breed originated. Evidently, you leave the dog at home.

For those who own purebreds, there is nothing to it, unless, of course, it is a



pug, which comes from China, or a Boston terrier, which will, presumably, get you three weeks in bed, or near there. You just write the dog's origin on the coupon. However, for those with pets of uncertain ancestry a little imagination

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

might help. In those cases, as the folks at Red Heart put it, you should "state what you believe to be the dominant strain."

Are you ready, P.O. Box 4455, Chicago, Ill. 60677? Would you believe Jamaican deerhound? Tahitian terrier? Bahaman retriever?

ASTROS UP, COHEN DOWN

If you should happen to feel like asking Sammy Cohen, proprietor of Las Vegas' Santa Anita Race and Sports Book, how he's feeling these days—don't ask. At the beginning of the baseball season a sportsman came into the Santa Anita and bet \$200 on the entry of Houston and New York to win the National League pennant, and Sammy was giving 100 to 1. If the Astros, who are now only three games out of—if you'll pardon the expression, Sammy—first place, should win it, Sammy's out \$20,000.

A SOUND STEP

During the past decade we have published a number of articles by Staff Writer Alice Higgins excoriating the abuses practiced on the Tennessee Walking Horse. As Miss Higgins has written, unscrupulous trainers and owners have learned that if a Walking Horse's front feet are sore, he will lift them abruptly from the ground and shift his weight to his hindquarters, which enhances the breed's desired gait. Soreing is usually done by using chains or tacks inside the quarter boot or by applying a burning agent to the pastern area, such as oxide of mercury salve, known as "creeping cream," or an oil of mustard mixture called "scotching juice," or by driving a nail into the tender part of the hoof.

Although several states prohibit the showing of horses that have been tortured or cruelly treated, these provisions have, regrettably, been unavailing.

Senator Joseph D. Tydings, whose own state, Maryland, has such a statute, has decided it is high time to make a federal case out of it. He has introduced a bill forbidding the interstate shipment of horses that have been abused for the purpose of altering their natural gait. In his remarks to the Senate, Tydings used Miss Higgins' language to describe soreing and had one of her articles read into the *Congressional Record*.

We congratulate our Miss Higgins, applaud Senator Tydings and respectfully request that the President interest himself in the speedy passage of the bill.

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

of the French banker. In 1910, M. Stern was competing in a fencing tournament in London and lost a match he thought the director ought to have awarded to him. He vowed that his colors would never appear on a British track. "The English acted in a vulgar manner," says Mme. Stern, who continues to respect his wishes.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

How can you ever forget Roy Riegels, who ran the wrong way for California in the 1929 Rose Bowl, now that his son, Dick, is on Cal's freshman crew—the one sport in which every competitor save the coxswain goes backwards?

A SYSTEM

One day late in 1964 John S'Dao of Brooklyn withdrew his life savings of \$2,116 from the bank, went to Aqueduct, bet on all nine races, lost and, penniless, tried to commit suicide.

Not only did he recover, but he is now suing the New York Racing Association to recover his \$2,116, on the grounds that he was a mere lad of 20 the day he went to the Big A, and a minor is not bound by any contract. Of course, a minor is also not permitted to bet.

Said Judge Fred G. Moritt, who is hearing the motion: "Sympathy does not go out to one who tries to welsh after betting on nine nags and loses, but the law clearly states that anyone who is under 21 must be protected against their own folly and foolishness."

Said S'Dao's attorney: "It is a well-defined principle of law that anyone who contracts with an infant does so at his own peril, and we maintain that the New York Racing Association is not immune from the law."

Said Judge Moritt, who reserved decision: "This case might make it necessary to change the law."

You said it, Judge. If S'Dao wins, we envision a lot of fathers taking their infants to the track to bet for them.

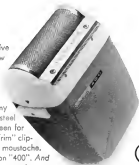
THEY SAID IT

• Chico Salmon, taking over at shortstop for the Cleveland Indians after injuries shelved Larry Brown, Dick Howser and Tony Martinez, asked his most difficult position: "Sitting. I want to play. My best position? I don't know. Never played anyplace long enough to find out. I'm always utility, utility, utility. Where is that, man?" **END**



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A CRAZY MIXED-UP 500

Starting with a near calamity and ending in furious confusion, the 50th Indianapolis classic stretched the nerves of a massive crowd. Two British drivers claimed the disputed victory, and the race itself suggested Indy must mend its rules

by BOB OTTUM

Through the tra-vinging chaos of the first-lap accident comes the man who took the checkered flag, Graham Hill (far left). Eleven cars were put out, but no one was badly hurt.

CONTINUED

All during the Indiana springtime—in the unsettled weeks leading up to the 50th edition of the Indianapolis 500—there was every prospect of a high-winding, heart-stopping race. The reasons were basic: the cars were faster and the purse bigger (upward of \$700,000) than ever before. Even so, no one quite expected, or could have forecast, how forcefully this 500 would establish itself as unique. Only seconds—and a few hundred yards—after the race started, an explosive smashup filled the air with flying tires and chunks of disintegrating cars. Only seconds after the race ended there was confusion over who had actually won it. And in between there was as eerie mixed-up an afternoon as racing has seen.

Thirty-three cars started in crisp Memorial Day sunshine, rolling out in glittering parade before a crowd estimated at 330,000. Only seven cars finished the race. At least nobody was killed—which was a wonder and the only clear, unconfused fact of the day.

To England's Graham Hill, the former Grand Prix world champion (who was called a rookie at Indy because this was his first 500), went the winner's trophy and the victor's kiss from the speedway queen—in fact, kiss after kiss after kiss, for Hill was in rare osculatory form. But Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the defending 500 champion—and, indeed, the current world champion—had reason to believe that the trophy and the kisses belonged to him. The only thing that kept him from pulling into the victory circle was the fact that Hill was already there.

The official results of the race are not posted until 8:00 a.m. on the following day. Anyone with a protest must make it at that time—or, in any case, by 8:30. The betting Monday afternoon was that it would take Andy Granatelli, the rotund, volatile man who is Clark's sponsor, no more than five minutes to utter several thousand words of protest. During the last laps of the race Granatelli's pit crew was signaling to Clark that he was the leader. When the checkered flag came down first for Hill and only second for Clark, the Granatelli pit was as rich in enraged gesture and outraged grimace as Terry-Thomas folied again.

The germ of the dispute was an announced shift in the lead from Clark's fellow Scot and another Grand Prix driv-

er, Jackie Stewart, to Graham Hill, when Stewart's car stopped dead out on the track. Granatelli's boys clearly thought that Clark was then the leader. Their stand was based on personal unofficial charts of the race kept in their pit. In their view, Hill had been credited with one lap more than he had actually run. If that were true, Clark would indeed have been the leader.

But as evening came and Granatelli gave the situation more thought, he became less emphatic. No longer did he plan to enter a fiery protest at the first opportunity. Instead, he said, he wanted to review the official speedway records and compare them with his own before making a final judgment. Hill, who certainly was not in a mood to protest anything, said only, "I haven't a clear view" of the dispute (meaning he was busy driving and not counting laps).

As for the other drivers, they were thankful just to have lived through the start. The 500 began with bands and beautiful girls. Just before the traditional call of: "Gentlemen, start your engines!" a tangle of colored balloons billowed up into the air. Then came the field of sleek and fantastically expensive cars growing along behind Benson Ford, who drove the Mercury pace car. At 90 miles an hour he swerved aside to turn them loose, and everyone hit the throttles. The first two rows flashed past the stands. Suddenly, in a blur, while the cars at the end of the field were still getting the green starting flag, the massive accident was triggered at the approach to the No. 1 turn.

The track became a jungle of spinning cars. Tires and hunks of axle and engine flew like shrapnel through the air—part of the debris falling among the spectators. Within seconds car after car was wiped out.

"We all accelerated," said Driver Arnie Knepper, who was in the mess and whose car was smashed to junk in a flash. "Then I saw a car up in the air and there were bits of wheels, radius rods, bits of metal. I almost made it. Then a car landed on me. A 1,400-pound auto can be pretty heavy when it's asitlin' on yer head."

Clark, starting the race from the middle of the front row, was clear and safely on his way as the shrapnel settled. But Hill, looming up from the fifth row,

rolled smack through the crash scene.

"I was very fortunate," he said after the race, his Hairbreadth Harry profile looking exactly right for the setting. "I just wandered in and out in there and made it through. Things seemed to be descending from the sky—tires and things. I had to look up in the air as well as on the track."

In the stands there was incipient panic. Fortunately there were no serious injuries, and only one of the 14 spectators who were hit by flying debris required hospital treatment. Nor was any driver badly injured, probably because the cars had not yet revved up to racing speeds.

But the race was off to an exceedingly bad start, and the speedway officials surely knew that they could no longer merely exhort the drivers to take it easy in the beginning when the cars are bunched. A new and more civilized way of starting was clearly necessary.

Surely the time has come for Speedway President Tony Hulman and his aides to find a solution. Several possibilities were being debated even as the wreckers were at work: a two-by-two start with more space between the rows of cars; a standing start, Grand Prix style, given the gearing to make this possible, so that the cars would be un-bunched before reaching top speeds; even a single-file start, if that is what it is going to take to end the first-lap chaos.

As the smoke from a burning wreck and dust from the firemen's chemical sprays began to blow across the stands toward downtown Indianapolis, 16 cars—nearly half the field—were counted as having been damaged to some degree. Of these, 11 were out of the race.

Texan A. J. Foyt, a two-time 500 winner, had landed in the center of the melee. He climbed out of his car, looking unshaken and suffering only from a smashed finger and a bruised knee. As the theater television audience noted, Foyt climbed the fence between the track and the spectators to put some distance between himself and any further smashups.

Dan Gurney, another favorite and an international racing figure, was in the middle, too, but got out unhurt. However, his Eagle racer, one of five Gurney-built cars that qualified for the 500, was just about a total wreck. An embittered Gurney had some scathing comments for drivers who seemed



Disenchant of the night claim to victory. Graham Hill warmly kisses Speedway Queen Sue Harrison.

to him to have everything but brains.

The precise trigger-pull that started the first-lap disaster may never be known. It appears that Canadian Billy Foster, out of necessity or by design, attempted to squeeze his Offenhauser-powered racer into the space between Driver Gordon Johncock and the track's outside wall. The space suddenly disappeared, and Foster's car lost two wheels. The Mismaster began to rotate.

The race thus had to be stopped—the second time this ever has happened for an accident. (The first time was in 1964

when Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald were killed in a blazing smashup.) An hour and 20 minutes later, after the wreckage had been cleared away, the runnable cars pulled out again. This time they were in single file and under the yellow caution lights.

The racers' wheels kicked up puffs of white as they rolled across the chalky fire-extinguishing compound which covered the track at the crash scene. Now there were only 22. On the sidelines stood the stranded drivers, arms folded, faces grim.

When the green "go" flag finally waved, Mario Andretti, (SI, May 30), the 26-year-old Pennsylvanian who had won the pole position at a speed of 165.889 miles per hour, held his lead for another half lap. Behind, driving on motorized tip-toes, carefully and far enough to the rear to be safe, came Clark. But back on the first turn there was another crash. Driver Johnny Boyd, losing control, slashed against the wall, wrenching two wheels off his car. The caution lights came on again.

The enormous crowd had been on the grounds for hours and not a single legitimate racing lap had been run. People began to wonder if one ever would be. They hoped so, for the crowd's sentimental favorite was still in the race. That was Andretti. Only 5 feet 4 inches tall and with legs so short that he has extensions built on his brake and gas pedals, Andretti is the kind of little man who arouses the hugging instinct in women of all ages.

As the green light came on again—several laps later—the real race at last began. It was a race of hopes uplifted only to be dashed. First up and down was Andretti, whose Braithorne-Ford had looked just fine on the slow caution laps. He zipped out into the lead—and immediately began trailing plumes of ugly smoke. Clark passed him at once, and Andretti was retired with valve trouble after completing only 27 laps.

Then it was Clark's turn to be up. And so he was until he twice spun on an oil slick in the fourth turn. Though he recovered each time with masterful driving, he ultimately lost too much ground to the laconic veteran from Texas, Lloyd Ruby. Ruby, the ace of Gurney's Eagle-Ford group, was clearly going to win laughing—until he, like Andretti, commenced to trail oil smoke behind him. Then for some 43 laps it was the baby-faced Jackie Stewart on the lead—until his oil pressure dwindled away. And so, with only eight laps to run, Graham Hill started his brief but lucrative drive toward the checkered flag and the lips of the speedy queen.

The United Kingdom was richer by some \$200,000, and by that time the numbed speedway crowd did not much care whether the winner's share went to the Englishman, Hill, or the little Scot, Clark.

END

SPACE SHOT BY THE AMBITIOUS ASTROS

by JACK MANN

The youthful Houstonians, playmates of the Mets, had no business being up there in the first division, but they were enjoying it while they could. "We don't feel like losers anymore," a happy Astro explained

PHIL LOFFER

In photograph taken from the Astrodome roof directly overhead, Larry Dierker pitches to Mets' Ron Hunt.





When you make all the plays every day," Houston Astro Third Baseman Bob Aspromonte told himself, "you're allowed to make an error every once in a while.

"But," Aspromonte replied, "they pay their \$3.50. It's their privilege to boo if they want to."

Aspromonte is an aboriginal Astro, a \$75,000 offering from the Los Angeles Dodgers in the expansion draft of 1961. He had been a Colt .45 for 442 games before the Houston décor was changed from Old West to inner space, and naturally he had made some errors in all that time. Perhaps a few were just as unnecessary as the patsy toss he had made over his first baseman's head in the second inning of a game against the Philadelphia Phillies to hand the Phils four unearned runs and the ball game.

But Bob Aspromonte had never been booed by an Astrodome crowd before and he was trying to explain the phenomenon to himself. The benign Houstonians hadn't just booed his error; they had *groined* on him. They had hooted when his sharp rap to shortstop was converted into an out by Dick Groat, and they had cheered sarcastically when Aspromonte caught a simple pop fly.

"The wolves were out tonight," said Catcher John Bateman, the shop steward. "It sounded like Philadelphia."

It didn't sound like Houston, where the customers dutifully chant, "Go, go, go," on the cue of the electronic monster scoreboard in center field, then promptly, unanimously desist—as if somebody had pulled the plug—when the sign goes off. The maledictions against Aspromonte were a rare, almost unprecedented occasion of spontaneity by patrons who obey the big board as unquestioningly as hotel guests in a "Simon says" game in the Catskills. Last year even their abuse of umpires had audio-visual inspiration, until National League Pres-

ident Warren Giles ordered his son, Bill, the Astros' vice-president in charge of enthusiasms, to knock it off.

Clearly, the Astros were now facing the ordeal of success, and Aspromonte had felt the first pangs. To err is human when you're in ninth place. But the Astros had been second for 12 days. The altitude was just getting to the players, but the fans felt it first.

Truly, it was a dizzying time. One night the Phillies' Tony Taylor missed a 2-2 pitch for what appeared to be the final out, and Bill Giles, with his finger on the magic button, caused the words *WE WINS* to appear in giant letters in center field. Many in the crowd of 30,229 stood and applauded and some turned for the exits. Those watching the game saw the plate umpire signal a foul tip, and on the next pitch Taylor singled the contest into extra innings.

"We" did win in the 11th, on a third hit by the many-splendored young center fielder, Jimmy Wynn, and Houston baseball had attained its finest hour since the Texas League Buffs won the Dixie Series. In the clubhouse Manager Grady Hatton had a phone call from Astros' President Roy Hofheinz, ruler of 88%, of all he surveys from his superbox in right center field. The Judge wanted Grady to come up and meet some millionaires and said it didn't really matter that Hatton had come to work in a sport shirt.

For the next two days the 474-foot, 300-ton scoreboard complex acted almost like a scoreboard. Giles concentrated on commercials for coming attractions like an Andy Williams-Henry Mancini concert, the circus and the return of Colonel Keds, the human rocket man. Meanwhile the Astros scored one run off Jim Bunning on Sunday and none off Larry Jackson the following night. The Astros' deficiencies were beginning to show.

"I've created a monster," Hatton said

continued

when he started Relief Pitcher Mike Cuellar against the Phillies. After four starts Cuellar had an earned run average of 1.29. He shut Philadelphia out for 4½ innings and then slammed his glove to the ground. He had pulled a muscle in his side and would be out for at least two weeks. That left Hutton with no—none at all—left-handed pitching, but he saw no reason to put Cuellar on the disabled list. "There's nobody to bring up," he said.

Hutton had no second-place team. It will have to scramble to make sixth place, an improvement that would be regarded as remarkably by fans unspoiled by the early spurt of success. But Hutton has some good players who believe he is a good manager, and in his maiden big-league venture he has had a free hand to run the team his way. "The Judge doesn't pretend to know players. Hell, he says if he were the manager, J. C. Hartman [a ballplaying barber who was tried in 1962 and 1963 and found wanting] would be the shortstop."

Hutton's way, a managing blend he learned from stern, avuncular Bill McKechnie in Cincinnati and laissez-faire Mike Higgins in Boston, is to be "close" to the ballplayers. "I think a manager should know every little thing he can about his men," Hutton says. "I have no problem finding out what they can do on the field. They say Lyndon Johnson can remember your name five years later. I might not know yours next week, but I can remember everything I ever saw a player do. Any of us can."

"The trick is to get to know the personal things, what will make a man go and what little things irk him; who has to be patted on the back and kicked in the tail at the same time. That's why, if a man has a money problem, or a wife problem, or anything is bugging him, his manager ought to know it."

The 150-pound second baseman, Joe Morgan (see cover), 22 years old and unmarried, had very few problems the first seven weeks of the season. He had solved one during the winter. He had hit 14 home runs in 1965, his rookie year, "and .271," he said. "There's nothing wrong with hitting .271 if you have 20 home runs to go with it. But I can't hit 20, so I'm going to hit .300. I thought during the winter of all the times I got ahead of the pitcher and went for the home run, and I decided there was no future in it. You can be just as valuable hitting .300,

Anyway, I'm going to see if you can." As a matter of record, he has been hitting closer to .350.

Morgan likes Hutton's approach in two ways. "In the 11th inning against the Phillies," he said, "there were runners at first and second and none out and the manager made me bunt. I'd have liked the chance to hit and bat in the run, but the idea is to win. The bunt was the right play." It surely was. Morgan beat it out to fill the bases, and a few minutes later WE WIN went up on the big board.

"The man has given us confidence," Morgan said. "No, not me individually, because I thought I was a good player last year. But if you watch this club you'll see it's a team effort. We think we can win as a team because the manager believes it. Will we be a good team? I think we are now, and we'll keep improving if we keep pulling together."

Morgan believes his second-base playmate, Sonny Jackson, covers as much ground as any shortstop in the business. This is important to Morgan, who does not cover quite as much ground as any second baseman in the business. "I think I cover the ground," Morgan says, "but I still make errors on routine plays." He then recounted in detail four errors he had made, one on a line drive. "It wasn't an easy play," Morgan said, "but you shouldn't miss a line drive."

Jackson, who claims to weigh 155, makes the play behind second base as well as any shortstop in recent years, but he gives one pause when he goes into the hole to his right. He will get the ball, but will he get it to first? "My arm is strong enough," he says, displaying an arm that appears strong enough for caliber throwing. "But I have been erratic. No, the glasses are just for a slight nearsightedness. I don't wear them all the time. I could play without them."

So Morgan works to perfect his glove, and Jackson his arm. Jim Wynn, the big man at 170 pounds in the most interesting and probably the fastest triple act in baseball (Wynn stole 43 bases and Morgan 20 for Houston last year, while Jackson had 52 at Oklahoma City), just works to perfect. Nobody has yet found any glaring defect in his manner of hitting, running, throwing, catching the ball or chewing a toothpick, and nobody doubts he'll improve in each department.

Men will die waiting for another Willie Mays to come along, and Wynn isn't

the one they're waiting for. But he's only 24, and he can do everything nicely. For a few years after Willie packs it in, Wynn may be the not-400-inferior substitute. Yet, when you first see him, you think you see a defect immediately. As he prepares for a pitch his bat droops behind him, perhaps 10 degrees below the horizontal. "They bring that up when I hit a slump," Wynn says. "They tell me to hold the bat high, like you're supposed to. But my father [a Cincinnati sandlotter] taught me to hold it that way. He said I could be sure of a level swing that way. I don't know which way is right, but I know I can't swing any other way."

They have a gimmick for almost everything in the Astrodom, including instant measuring of home runs. Against Chris Short of the Phillies, Wynn made them wonder for more than an instant. The line drive went to the left of the 390-foot sign, seven rows into the bleachers ("The reds," John Bateman calls the cease-shaded seats out there) that start 25 feet above field level. The scoreboard called it 408 feet, which may be the only understatement ever made in the Astrodom—or Texas, for that matter.

Wynn claims to have learned the folly of going for home runs. So how does a little man hit such a big one? "I attack the ball," Wynn says. "It's the only way to hit."

As for fielding, Wynn showed a new way to catch a two-iron shot hit by Cleon Jones of the Mets. It was going to reach the center-field wall near the 406-foot sign, but Wynn had taken two steps in before he realized that. Reversing as if he had Model T gears, Wynn caught up with the ball with his back to the plate, grabbing it in the webbing with a full twist of the left arm. He does things like that. He also does things like trying to hit the ball into the Gulf of Mexico when a sharp ground ball would do. He took such a cut on a pitch just before his bases-loaded single beat the Phils in the 11th.

"Sure, I holered at him," Hutton said. "All we needed was a routine fly ball. The whole bench holered at him."

It is as a canon of Hutton's all-for-one ethic that, ideally, the manager should not have to chew out his players. "On a good club," he says, "the players get on each other. Have you heard Bateman?"

John Bateman is, in baseball parlance, something else. He is big and strong and tough and homely and he always needs a

haircut (though he was angry with a Los Angeles barber for cutting his shaggy mane too short). He is a bit thick through the middle and appears awkward, but he is a good catcher and about the time the pitchers start thinking of him as an out he hits one into the reds. And he is always on people.

Bateman has that mystic capacity to insult people valiantly without having them take it seriously. His last word in an argument with Pitcher Barry Latman was a threat to fabricate a gas oven especially for Latman, who is Jewish. One evening when Morgan, Jackson and Wynn had been spraying line drives out of the batting cage with monotonous regularity, Bateman stood behind the cage and wondered aloud whether niggers really need batting practice. They laughed.

"He does take some getting used to," Morgan says. "I'll tell you, he says some things to these guys [the Negro players] that I couldn't get away with. But once you get to know him, you know it doesn't mean anything. On the field I'd say he's the leader of this team."

"It was a little rough at first," Wynn says, "but you get to realize that's just the kind of guy he is. John is all right. He keeps us alive."

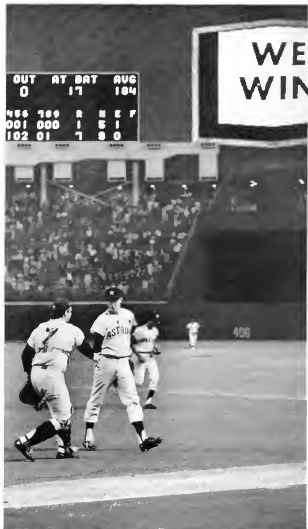
"I guess I've always got on guys," Bateman says. "I guess I'm pretty rough, but I think it helps."

Then he saw "Diamond" Jim Gentile in the batting cage. "Hey, Fokie," he shouted to Coach Nellie Fox, "did you see Diamond bunt last night?" Gentile, swinging as hard as ever and hitting .212, had tried to break a slump by bunting in his last two at bats, and failed. Bateman kept it up, and Gentile, never noted for a sense of humor, glowered, but in the first inning that night he hit a screamer off the fence in right center for a bases-clearing double.

The Astros had no business in second place. But, whether the new ingredient is Hatton's togetherness, Bateman's bunting or the multifarious talents of the three feather merchants at the top of the batting order, they are much improved.

Wynn, who is relaxed and articulate enough to handle whatever degree of stardom he may attain, was asked what he thought was the strongest single factor. "We have more respect for ourselves," he said, "and for each other. We're a team, and we don't feel like losers anymore."

END



Catcher Bateman (7) congratulates Pitcher Dierker as scoreboard solves 7-1 victory.

THE JAB THAT WIPED OUT A SMILE

Tony Alonti's good left hand kept Jerry Quarry on the defensive for most of their fight last week in Los Angeles, erasing the grin co-manager Johnny Flores always wears when Quarry is doing the hitting **by MARK KRAM**

Always, when he was very young, he would be there waiting for Johnny Flores to finish his dinner and walk with him to the door of the matchbox gym in the yard of the Flores home. "Hurry, hurry, Johnny!" the boy would yell, and Johnny would reply, "Sure, sure, Jerry, but let me see you hit somebody tonight. It makes me smile."

Until last Friday night, Johnny Flores had done a great deal of smiling as Jerry Quarry pounded his way to the top of a rising generation of unusually gifted heavyweights (SI, Feb. 21). Then, in the Los Angeles Sports Arena at exactly 10:25 o'clock Pacific Daylight Time, Quarry inexplicably stopped hitting. By 11:05 P.D.T. or 10 unimaginative rounds later, Flores was a study in dejection. For the second time in three months, Quarry had fought a draw with

the clever but unranked Tony Alonti.

What was more shocking than the result was its significance. Just a few days before the fight, one Los Angeles manager was talking about this quick young gun who was so obviously at least in all the old Irish bars—on his way to a fight with Cassius Clay within two years.

"With the ink this kid's getting, he's only six fights away from a million-dollar gate," the man said.

Maybe he was, but the figure six seems in need of revision now, and perhaps that is for the best—for Quarry and for the many who have wanted him to be so good so quickly. In this fight, Alonti made him look like the fighter he is: a kid of 21 and a genuine, raw prospect who has had 20 fights, the majority of them against refugees from poolrooms, factories and welfare lists. Alonti

does not qualify for any of these categories; he is on the lam from Sears, Roebuck, where he was a salesman during two years of inactivity.

Whether Alonti will eventually be deposited back into the appliance department by someone like, say, Joe Frazier, or whether he goes on to the kind of ring career that he has long but desultorily sought, is still unpredictable. One thing is clear, however. His future and the new money that has been shoved in to back him were on the line against Quarry, and he did not look for a place to hide. If he had lost, it would have meant the long trek back to where it all began, places like Union City, Pa. and Holyoke, Mass.—where the money is just a jingle in the pocket and nobody cares.

The mystery was why Quarry was fighting Alonti at all. While, because of

In a rare offensive burst, the heavily muscled Quarry wades in awkwardly to catch Alonti with his own left and prepares to follow with a right



his youth, he did not have much to lose, he had little to gain from the bout. He should have settled for the first draw in Madison Square Garden (SI, March 14), which was accepted by those who saw it as a good lesson that would not bear repeating. A boxer who knows all the subtleties of his business—that is, he does not mix it up much but he can make you look terrible—Alongi is tall (6-3) and has an 84-inch reach. In 43 fights nobody had won big over him except Billy Daniels and Rodolfo Diaz, who both knocked him out. Yet the Quarry camp signed, and everybody seemed to be saying, "Why not?" The house would be good, maybe 12,000. Quarry could make \$15,000, and how could he lose?

"It's a stupid fight for Quarry," said Lou Duva, Alongi's manager. "He doesn't have much to gain unless he knocks Tony out. If he doesn't, and it's anywhere close, we'll just say hometown decision. But we're sure glad to get the fight. Even if it did cost me \$300 in phone calls. I give 'em credit. They did think it over a while before signing."

Quarry may have been doing too much thinking before the fight—and talking. He kept telling friends how often in the first fight Alongi had hit him low, and that this time he would be ready for him. "I got a specially designed protector for the big mouth this time," said Quarry, answering Alongi's comment in the papers that Quarry was too old to be blabbering. Tony, on the other hand, was not disturbed by the accusations by Quarry until the waitresses in the restaurant where he ate began to serve up reproach with the steaks. "He'll pay for that," he said to one. Tony is quite sensitive to what women think of him.

Unfortunately, the fight did not live up to the preliminary virioli, nor did it go as the Quarry people had expected. Alongi, who weighed in at 204, was much sharper than he had been in New York, and Quarry was decidedly less so. He boxed at 192 pounds and won the first two rounds with mediocre combinations to the body and to the head, but neither was really a big round. Quarry did not seem to know how to move, and he was forever backing off when he should have been moving inside.

Alongi, with that long left jab of his, began to find the range in the third round, and Quarry began losing rounds. His punches seemed to lack coordination. When he did counter, he was al-

most always off balance. In the fifth, Quarry whipped home a left hook that raised a welt under Alongi's left eye, but in the sixth Alongi responded with a barrage of jolting jabs. Quarry finally managed to get out of their path, but he moved back from them instead of under them, a trick he should have learned and memorized from the first fight. At one point Alongi stopped, put his hands down and said to the referee, "Hell, ref, he doesn't wanna fight."

Alongi continued his long range firing in the seventh and eighth rounds, but now he was also landing a good right hand. In the eighth, Quarry took a cut over his left eye. Jerry, it appeared, needed the ninth and 10th rounds to even think of a draw. He did win the ninth impressively but he only eked by in the 10th. In the ninth, both Alongi and Quarry complained of low blows. Neither man's argument seemed justified. Alongi took a good shot to the body, and Quarry—one tends to believe—does not know his low zone from third base. Besides, there was no need for Quarry to grimace, what with his special protector.

When it was all over, the referee and judges were prompt (almost indecently so) with their decision. They sent many of the 5,444 spectators grumbling on the way out, not because of the draw or because Quarry had lost, but because the scoring was so beautifully neat. The officials gave each fighter five rounds.

One person who decidedly was not grumbling was Alongi. Tony, in fact, was exuding high spirits in the dressing room. He was certain that the draw proved that he had won. "I get a draw here," he said, "and to me that's a win. How can it be anything else? I'd like it to be an official victory, but I know how I feel inside." Quarry said that he also felt that he had won, but somehow you never could feel that he meant it.

"I'll tell you," said Alongi. "These were the easiest 10 rounds I ever went. If you ask me, he's punch shy. Quarry doesn't want to get hit."

Others in New York and Los Angeles think they have discovered the same flaw, but it may be that everyone is being influenced by the natural prejudice people have against raggedly built fighters who move backward. The real flaw in Quarry's makeup may be his almost eerie ability to do physical harm to himself. Last month in Kansas City he injured the knuckles of his right hand while win-

ning an unimpressive decision over Memphis Al Jones, a fighter Frazer put away in one round the night before the Alongi bout. This is a common enough ring injury, but add to the knuckles the nephritis that hounded Quarry as a child, the broken back and hand he got at 16 when he missed the water while attempting a backward dive and the broken this and the smashed that and a classic picture begins to develop of the man who should never get out of bed.

He most certainly should not be playing softball before a big fight. So what was Quarry doing the day before he was to go into training for Alongi? Playing softball. Unbelievable as it sounds, he was out *hook slugging* into a base. Damage? An ankle that may or may not have been broken, according to which voodoo medicine man you listen to. During the early days of camp at Malibu Canyon, Quarry could hardly run on the ankle. Then Flores, co-manager along with Quarry's father Jack, took him to a *causalevo* (or *cure*) in Pacoima, Calif. "*Causalevos* are sort of chiropractors, and every Mexican neighborhood has one," said Johnny. "This one is called Felipe, and he soaked rags in alcohol and wrapped them around Jerry's ankle. Then he rubs the ankle and talks to the foot and answers the cracking. Next day Jerry is running. It is magic."

The magic wore off in succeeding days and the sad, unsmiling Flores said after the fight, "You don't know what I had put up with." Hadn't Felipe taken care of the ankle? "Oh, I suppose," Flores said. "But I wish the *causalevo* would have taken care of other things." He did not specify what other things. Cortisone took care of the knuckles from the Jones fight. Unfortunately, there was nothing to take care of Alongi's jab.

Where the talk had been of Clay around the Quarry headquarters, it was now of Jefferson Davis or Ted Herring in Houston and the long, tedious road ahead. The Clay talk, not surprisingly, had moved into Alongi's dressing room and, if it was not convincing, at least it was colorful.

Said Lou Duva, "When we fight Clay, we're gonna change Tony's name to Benito Mussolini. Get that, huh? And all around at ringside we're gonna have guys wearing carnations and big hats, dark shirts and white ties, and they'll smoke big cigars. Muslims? Forget 'em. We got the mob right here."

END

Richmond Flowers Jr. is a double threat—in track and football—but for a long time the asthmatic youth from Alabama seemed destined to follow in his father's footsteps

WINNING SON OF A DEDICATED LOSER

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



What follows, as an account of the still short life of Richmond Flowers Jr., may not be altogether faithful to the guidelines of dramaturgy, but that is the privilege of wild, wild truth. To open (some eight years ago), the name of the hero is Richmond Flowers Junior, because a father would naturally want to perpetuate a name like that. He has these spectacular flat feet that make him look as if he is walking on his ankles, and all the kids make fun of him because he has to wear big brown leather brogans laced up to his lunch money. He would worry plenty about those shoes if he did not have to give equal worrying time to his asthma and his left ear, which was permanently disabled by the mumps. He is anemic. His blood count is 55. His mother wrings her hands a lot because he does not eat. She wants him to play the piano or, if he persists in contact sports, to play golf. She thinks golf is the ideal contact sport.

His father (now project forward to 1966) is an outspoken and very controversial guy who is dedicated to the quixotic notion that George C. Wallace and the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan are not necessarily all that good for the state of Alabama. He is the attorney general and he is trying to beat Governor Wallace out of a job. But gradually he is discovering he has been trying to make fingerprints on an oil slick. He has to have his daughter, Mary, who is 11, stop answering the phone, because people keep calling to tell her she is going to see her daddy face up in a coffin one of these days. At a high school football game in Montgomery he reaches out to shake

continued



SPRINTER'S SPEED could make Flowers a sophomore star in Tennessee backfield this fall

hands with a constituent and while the man holds his hand another slugs him in the face and the two run off into the crowd. The father does not have a chance, and Mrs. Wallace, running for Mr. Wallace, beats him out.

Meanwhile (flashback to junior high), the son with the natural lack of talent is working very hard to be an athlete in spite of his tired blood. He is actually a goldbrick who hates to train, but he throws his whole emaciated body into anything that represents a challenge.

"Heaven help him," says his father. "He is like I am. A born underdog." The boy tries all sports with equal success. He is what his daddy calls "laughing material." He gets into a basketball game in an overtime period and fouls out before the overtime is over. He takes a turn at catching baseball and rips off his mask to chase a loose ball. The mask falls down over the ball, and while he is looking for it—"Where's the ball? Where's the ball?" he yells at the umpire, who remains impartially stone-faced—three runs score. Richmond senior is a red-hot fan. He once bought

\$10 worth of peanuts just to break up an argument between the vendor and a patron, because the argument was interrupting his line of vision. He buys season tickets to the Auburn and Alabama football games, and he takes his son to the big game between the two, but he cannot teach Richmond Junior to be a good spectator. All Richmond wants to do is get Bart Starr's chin strap. "I am," the boy says later on, looking back over this muddling-through period, "one of the alltime nuts for chin straps."

His father is an extremely patient, likable, inspiring man, the type kids go for. He looks like Frank Broyles, the Arkansas football coach. He demonstrates a lot of loyalty just by going to watch his son play. He gives him plenty of heart-to-chin-strap advice. When the boy comes home complaining about not playing much for the Little League team, his father sits him down and says, "Richmond, old boy, you must try to develop the humor of this thing. Tell the coach, 'O.K., sir, I am going to hold that bench down then. It's always going to be right there when you need it, right underneath me. Go ahead, you guys, go out there and have yourselves a good sweat. It's hot as a sack of cats out there. Me, I'll just sit here and keep cool.'" His father is very concerned that Richmond will carry his Little League complex into later life. "From the beginning," says his father, "I tried to teach Richmond to be a loser."

When Richmond is 13 he shoots an 82 at golf, but it represents no challenge to him, because he has this other idealistic bent, which all great athletes naturally have: he wants to make a pile of money playing football (this is an up-to-date idealism). He actually hates the game, having fought with it for so long, but he can read. When he comes home from a scrimmage he announces he has scored his first touchdown and says to his daddy, "Daddy, is it true, all that money professional football players make?"

Then one day he is in the 10th grade at Sidney Lanier High in Montgomery, where his father has gone to take over as attorney general and rock the governmental boat. Running from field to field, Richmond has developed an appreciable speed. He gets put into a varsity baseball game as a pinch runner and is immediately picked off first base. "Daddy," he says afterward, his face very drawn, "baseball

is not my game. I am going out for track. I've got to get a letter. It is very important socially at Lanier High to get a letter. What event should I try out for?"

"Well," says his daddy, tempering fatherly enthusiasm with politic practicality, "the 440 would be the best for you. It requires a little bit of speed and a lot of guts."

It is a painstaking process, but Richmond wins a track letter. When he runs he is all over the track; he does not seem capable of running in a straight line. His coach tells him maybe a little work on the hurdles might help. He tries to run over a hurdle and falls on his face. It is not a new experience, but it is a new challenge. He has been playing organized football, in one minor capacity or another, from the time he was in the third grade (Alabama football is big league from the cradle to the bowls), but running hurdles is a refreshment in a new container. All summer he works on the hurdles.

"Daddy," he says, "I'm picking up speed."

"Yes, son. But don't worry about it."

"No, Daddy. I mean it. I'm going to win."

"That's fine, son, but just worry about participating. That's life, you know, participating."

"Daddy, I'm going to win! I'm picking up speed!"

"Yes, son."

(Curtain.)

The next scene brings a great revelation. After a remarkable summer of hard work, Richmond Flowers Jr. is suddenly the talk of Lanier High. He is tall, dark and practically handsome. He has muscles. He has *aches*. He has moved up, up, up—from third end on the B team to star halfback on the Lanier varsity. (The coach wanted him to remain an end, but he told his daddy he was the biggest, fastest halfback on the team and he did not care to play end, so his daddy told him to go out for halfback.) He makes the coach look like a genius. The coach is not appreciative. There is a grinding personality conflict. It gets to be a team joke, Richmond Flowers running punishment laps after dark. He sets a Lanier High record for punishment laps, and he becomes the best halfback in the state. College scouts begin to drool over him.

In track he breaks the state record in the 120-yard high hurdles, then he breaks



MUTUAL ADMIRERS, Richmond Flowers Sr. and Jr. check watch after hurdles workout.

continued



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the 180-yard low-hurdle record, and then the broad-jump record, and he ties the record for the 100-yard dash. At Mobile he sets a national high school high-hurdle record of 13.5 seconds. In May of his senior year he goes to the California Relays at Modesto. It is only his sixth time to run over the higher (by three inches) men's hurdles. In his anxiety he knocks over the first two hurdles, but he wins anyway. One of his victims is a big, powerful 25-year-old man named Blaine Lindgren, who happens to have won the silver medal at the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo. Richmond does not know who Lindgren is, not being much of a sports fan or even a subscriber to *Track & Field News*. Lindgren tells him, "You are still wet behind the ears, kid, but you are damn good competition."

Meanwhile his father is making a name for himself in Alabama politics. He is getting so good George Wallace probably wants to have him impeached. Richmond Junior, maturing rapidly, finds he is in complete agreement with his father's views. He clearly worships his father. His mother wishes he would just go on to law school and forget about politics, but tagging around after his father makes him see a side of Alabama that a lot of Alabamians do not see. "You can't imagine the way the Negro people look up to my daddy," he says. "He takes those slum walks—you know—and you would think he was Jesus or something. At hotels the bellboys won't let him give them a tip or anything."

He makes speeches on his daddy's behalf, and when his daddy gets him a copy of the famous Alabama voter registration tests he takes it to school and a liberal-minded teacher allows him to give it to the class. The whole class, including Richmond, fails the test.

"Sometimes I wonder," he says, "I take stock in the belief I have in my daddy, and I wonder if I would feel the same way if I were George Wallace's son."

Now comes the part where Richmond Flowers Jr. is expected to brush off the hundred or so college scholarship offers he has had and go off to play football for the University of Alabama, because it is a logistical truth that Alabama Coach Bear Bryant gets 11 of every 10 good football players in the state, and Richmond Flowers could be a fine one. This is precisely what Richmond Flowers does not do (Dramatic twist) He thinks Bear Bryant is a great coach, all right,

but he does not appreciate Alabama's track program.

He goes to visit the University of Tennessee. The Tennessee track coach and head football recruiter is Chuck Rohe, who is described as an enthusiastic young man who could get you to donate your brain to the Tennessee athletic department. Rohe, canny fellow, takes Richmond out to show him the big mess the Tennessee campus is in. He is full of enthusiasm for the huge ugly mounds of red earth that have been gouged out and shoved around and the streets that are here today and gone tomorrow. The Fifth Air Force could not have done a better job busting up the place.

"A \$5 million building program is going on here, right before your eyes, Richmond," says Rohe, breathing in the dust as though it were purest mountain air. "Over there you see where the new field house is going up, and back there the two Olympic-size swimming pools. And right here, right here, Richmond, is where we're putting in our \$150,000 Olympic track. Nine lanes, Richmond. All Tartan. You can run on that stuff if it's 80° above or 20° below. And inside the field house, there'll be another track and...."

Rohe, who has already brought Tennessee from nowhere to two consecutive Southeastern Conference track championships, then speaks to Richmond Flowers of the day when Tennessee will be the first southern school since the 1930s to win the national championship.

Meanwhile Alabama's Bryant has gone into action. Richmond Flowers Sr. has told him the boy is leaning toward Knoxville. Bryant hires Billy Hardin from LSU as an assistant track coach. Hardin was an Olympic hurdler. Bryant sends Hardin to California. By a wild coincidence Flowers is out there running in a meet, and Bryant thinks it would be a good idea if Hardin has a few words with him. Richmond is impressed, but he has already made up his mind. He says he wants to stay in the South, all right, but away from Alabama. He likes the people at Tennessee. And the weather. (He says it is too hot in Tuscaloosa for a fellow with a low threshold of exhaustion.) And the mountains. Knoxville, Tennessee, has mountains.

In an aside, Richmond's daddy says there might have been one other contributing factor. Richmond has never

continued

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been called to account for his father's politics, has had surprisingly little trouble socially or in school, but at a track meet in Montgomery, where he is to be rewarded for his performance, his daddy is introduced—and booed. "It was just a few who booed, really," says Richmond Flowers Sr., "but Richmond was hurt. He said to me, 'That's why I'm not going to stay in this state.' I looked, and there were tears in his eyes. But I think it was more the emotion of the moment than anything else. The only alibiing reason he chose Tennessee was the track program."

The Tennessee football coach is Doug Dickey, one of the bright young men in the game. Dickey is willing to help facilitate Richmond's triple-tiered ambition, 1) to make the U.S. Olympic team, 2) to play enough football to earn a big professional contract and 3) to get a law degree along the way. The plan is for Richmond to run track and play football as a freshman and sophomore and then in 1967 to drop football temporarily and devote full time to track so that he may qualify for the 1968 Olympics. If he becomes an Olympian it would mean no football in 1968 either, but he would then be able to come back to Tennessee and complete his two years of eligibility (within NCAA rules that extend such a privilege to Olympic competitors). All this time he would study law.

The news of Richmond's decision hits Alabama like a casualty list. A sports-writer asks Richmond if he would not think it a great experience to play for Bear Bryant. "Well, I think it would be a greater experience to beat him," says Richmond innocently. In Alabama this is adding insult to sedition. An assistant coach there tells him he has chosen for himself the losing side whenever Alabama plays Tennessee. Privately Richmond is crestfallen. "The last thing I want to do is get those people mad at me," he says. "Hell, no, not my friends in Montgomery. Those guys I've got to play against for four years. Listen, that Bryant is a coach."

Nevertheless, Richmond is brilliant as a freshman football player at Tennessee. He averages five yards a carry and makes an all-South freshman team. But when the Tennessee freshmen play the Alabama freshmen he is a marked man. He is stopped cold. Somebody puts up a sign in the Alabama dressing room after the game. "Richmond Flowers—2.2

inches per carry." Richmond gets a card postmarked Tuscaloosa: "Today The Bear showed you what we will show you during your mistaken college career [signed] People of Alabama."

In track, however, the hurdles are wood instead of Alabama saws. Richmond is unstoppable. Chuck Rohe has a hard time keeping him from overworking. His form is exquisite, though his legs are short and he tends to lean too much into the first hurdle (he hits the first hurdle consistently with his lead foot). He is so aggressive and eager for action that Rohe is beside himself. "He's the finest competitor I have ever seen."

Correction. Richmond is almost unstoppable. As it happens (haul out the dramatic clichés) his principal opponent, the best hurdler in America—and therefore the world—is a Negro from Troy, Ala. His name is Willie Davenport. He is a 22-year-old ex-paratrooper now attending Southern University. Naturally, they would take to each other right away and become the best of buddies. They do not become buddies at all (dramatic double-twist). In Miami at the Orange Bowl Invitational meet Willie beats Richmond by a stride and is looking over his shoulder at the finish, the track-and-field equivalent of thumbing your nose. "Do that again, Willie," says 18-year-old Richmond Flowers, "and I'll run right past you."

Beating Davenport becomes an obsession with Flowers. It has nothing to do with pigmentation of the skin ("Willie probably doesn't know how Daddy and I feel anyway"), it has to do with being the best. They meet three times, and the more experienced Davenport wins all three races, and all Flowers can say afterward is, "When do I get him again?" But Rohe elects to steer him away from Davenport for a while, lets him break a few tapes "to get the feel of it again."

In the meantime Richmond is learning a few things a boy has to know when running against men in big competition. He learns about psyching. In a meet at Detroit he hears Ralph Boston humming—Ammmm—in the starting blocks and, when the starter says "On your marks," Boston clumps for everybody to hear, "O.K., boys, here we go." Flowers is so rattled he finishes third. Afterward winner Boston throws his arm around the boy and says, "Richmond, you are going to be a fine hurdler, don't you worry. And you'll get used to the psyching."

continued



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FLOWERS continued

Finally, last winter he is matched with Davenport again, this time in the All-Eastern indoor games in Baltimore. In a preliminary heat Flowers runs the 60-yard high hurdles in 6.9 seconds, the second fastest time in track history. He is standing there talking with Davenport, who has never run a 6.9, when Rohe comes running up waving his arms. (A whole lot of psyching going on.) "A 6.9, Richmond! You did it in 6.9! One judge had it 6.8!" The 6.8, of course, was wholly imaginary. In the finals Flowers does 6.9 again, and Davenport finishes fourth. Richmond is now being called the fastest white man in the world. He dislikes the term, which he thinks is meaningless.

His back is bothering him. He went bowling one night last summer and strained the muscles, then seriously aggravated them doing exercises at home and had to spend a week in the hospital. He must wear a corset now when he warms up for track meets (football and straight races do not seem to bother him). Nevertheless, at Albuquerque this spring in the National AAU meet he runs a very strong second to Davenport in the hurdles.

"Guess the shoe's on the other foot now," says Willie.

"At least until the next race," says Richmond.

In the 60-yard dash Richmond is second to a 17-year-old school kid from New Jersey, Billy Gaines. Davenport runs fourth. Flowers, the southern white boy, and Gaines, the northern Negro, pose with their arms around each other. They really are buddies. Richmond tries to explain the very different relationship he has with Davenport. "A man mouths off at me, I just naturally mouth right back. I got to quit doing that, I suppose."

This spring Doug Dickey decides to make a wingback out of sophomore-to-be Richmond Flowers. Richmond does not mind. He rubs his fingers together. "That's where the money is, catching the football. Mother will like it, too. Less contact." But can Flowers catch? "No. Flowers cannot," Richmond says after missing nine in a row in practice. "Not if they brought it to me on a tray." He finds he is gun-shy coming across the middle in the face of converging defensive backs.

He also discovers he is not an All-America blocker. "What I am is very good on the crack-back block. If I can catch a guy from the blind side, I do all

continued



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right. Otherwise I'm afraid most of the time. I don't mind sticking my head in there when I've got the football, but trying to move those great big guys around can be a frightening thing." He finds that practice is still drudgery. "See the way I drag around out there? Man, I hate to practice. When I was in junior high we'd be running sprints at dusk and I'd flop down out of sight in the shadows to hide."

For all his protestations, however, Richmond devotes himself to improvement. He spends long hours learning to catch the ball instead of loafing around. He finds the Tennessee coaching staff a very pleasant group to work for. "Nobody yells and screams at me here. Nobody kicks me in the pants. When I was in high school I actually had a coach kick me in the pants. Maybe I was a problem."

In the next scrimmage he is thrown six passes and catches all six. The time after that he catches five. Moved to split end for a midweek scrimmage, he is going along doing nothing exceptional, making an occasional crack-back block look good, when the Tennessee quarterback, Dewey Warren, throws him a sideline pass. He cuts back and around the defending back and with a great burst of speed goes 28 yards to a touchdown. The defensive backs have the angle on him at the 10, but his speed beats their advantage and they are just barely hanging on as he carries them into the end zone.

"There it is," says Doug Dickey, sitting up in the stands watching. "That extra step. Speed in this game can be just that one extra step, and it can make the difference." Dickey is trying to be very cool about sophomore Richmond Flowers. He knows he has a real talent here, but he is careful with his enthusiasm. He uses words like "coachable" and "potential" and "determination." Color Doug Dickey tickled pink.

In his room at the athletic dormitory Richmond Flowers says the trouble with him is football is just a game, and when it's over it's time to party. "What I've got to be is more aggressive," he says, slamming his fist into his palm.

"Why don't you be more aggressive about answering those letters?" says H. Brantley Kemp, his roommate. Kemp is a big old blond-headed, square-jawed Georgia boy who plays end. He says the first time he met Richmond Flowers

continued


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FLOWERS continued

they were at an airport, and his new roommate came up carrying bags that had RICHMOND FLOWERS written in huge capital letters on the sides. "Oh, no, I thought to myself," says Kemp. "The original All-America hot dog." It turned out that the bags were a gift from a friend whom Richmond did not want to offend by refusing. Kemp now thinks Richmond could turn out to be one swell roommate if he kept his side of the room a little neater. There are trophies and kangaroo skins and boomerangs lying around, treasures that Richmond got from Australia when he competed down there this March ("the big reason I wanted to go was to get that red-white-and-blue uniform. I have always dreamed of running in a red-white-and-blue uniform with USA on it"), and in a corner his portable bedroll with the special wooden slats for his back and all around the collection of atomizers for his allergies. But the letters are Brantley's principal instrument for bugging.

"These crazy girls are all the time writing him. One of them signs her name 'Tiger.' She says she does not bite or scratch but sure goes for old Richmond. Another one is trying to impress him with how far she can throw a softball. Well, do you know something? He's had about four dates since he's been here. Some lover."

"Well, at least I don't have dogs on my mind all the time," says Richmond. "You know what this guy did? He had four dogs in this room at one time. Smuggled them in. Actually living here. I tell you! One of them was a chow. A real mangy old thing. He tried to give it a bath, and it bit him. I finally had to go to that lady at the pound and tell her not to give him any more dogs. I told her he was cutting them up for experiments. She was horrified."

"Yeah, and she won't let me have any more, either," says Brantley.

It is midday, last April 29, in Chicago. At the Covenant Club, a large group of lawyers has gathered for a special event: Richmond Flowers Sr. is being presented with the Decalogue Society Award for distinguished service in the field of national affairs. He is given a standing ovation. He says, "I especially appreciate this. I say especially, because it may help me from being the other Richmond Flowers for a little while longer." He is grinning. He enjoys being the underdog.

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A GALLIC BLEND OF OLD AND NEW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTAT

Longchamp has graced Paris since 1857. And Parisians—lovers of racing, elegant ladies, blue bloods and bourgeois—have graced Longchamp for as long. Enhanced by the surrounding Bois de Boulogne with its magnificent lime and acacia trees, its lakes, bridle paths and flower gardens, Longchamp also attracts the finest of Europe's horseflesh and presents a number of the world's most significant races, among them the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. It was, therefore, a matter of import to racegoers everywhere when Longchamp recently launched a multimillion-dollar program of renovation, the first changes worth remarking on in 60 years. Would Longchamp become just another cold-looking complex of concrete, steel and glass? Was it possible to retain the charm that made racegoing so pleasurable an experience? Faced with this challenge, Architect Jacques Regnault said, "This is a track for horse admirers, not just for people who 'play the horses.' Here, the horse is king." How well Regnault has fulfilled his difficult assignment may be seen on the opposite and following pages. In providing shelter, comfort and conveniences for additional thousands of spectators, Regnault admittedly sacrificed a few trees and some of the intimacy with the racing activities that Longchamp formerly afforded its patrons. But the blend of old and new must be judged a success and an achievement to be studied by those who—at our own Belmont Park, for example—are even now busy with similar plans.





Unchanged save for the removal of some trees, the spacious Longchamp paddock behind the track is now partially encroached by rows of elevated steps that provide



vantage points for several thousand spectators. Previously everyone was permitted to roam freely through the area, mingling with trainers, jockeys and famous

owners like the Aga Khan (top left, studying one of his horses ridden by Yves Saint-Martin) and (below) Beron Guy de Rothschild and Baroness Thierry de Zuylen.



THE WIZARD OF LONGCHAMP

BY WHITSNY TOWER

For the past decade European racing has been dominated by four extraordinarily successful trainers. They are Ireland's Paddy Prendergast and Vincent O'Brien, and France's Etienne Pollet (who developed last year's champion, Sea Bird) and François Mathet.

Of these, Mathet is the most successful—and the most controversial. A 58-year-old ex-cavalry officer and former champion gentleman rider on hurdle and steeplechase courses, Mathet has been a loner all his life. Some of his rivals on the Continental circuit would like to see him chained to a rock on Devil's Island. "I don't speak to him," says one of his fellow Chantilly-based trainers. "I think he's totally ruthless and entirely selfish. Ah, but even though I do not respect him as a person I respect him as a trainer." If there is a hint of jealousy in this statement, which is fairly representative of his colleagues' attitude, Mathet explains it when he says, "Twenty-one years ago, when I came into racing, training methods were outdated. I came as a nonconformist into the most conventional world. Now the others are copying me."

It is hardly surprising. Some of his accomplishments include: having 200 horses in training for clients like Hotel Owner François Dupré and Karim Aga Khan; taking on Yves Saint-Martin as a stable lad at the age of 14 and making him one of the half dozen best jockeys in the world; and being in the enviable position of rejecting the applications of well-heeled clients with well-bred stock. Mathet even left one established client, the chic Mme. Leon (Suzy) Volterra, when—according to him—she became confused about just who was in charge. Today he is the leading trainer at Longchamp, with 13 wins in 11 days of racing

this season. A less enviable goal for a trainer seeking to emulate Mathet would be to get involved in disputes with the racing authorities. One such controversy, involving Mathet and allegations of doping, has yet to come up for final disposition.

Well before Mathet goes to court to help settle that case, which originated in 1962, he will have added some new chapters to the French record books. Back in 1957 Mathet broke the alltime record by topping the trainers' list with 97 winners. In purse money he trailed only Alec Head, who at that time was directing a racing empire for the late Aga and Aly Khan. Every year since then Mathet has headed the list in number of winners, never falling below 95 and six times going over the 100 mark. Only once during that span, when Pollet beat him in 1959, did he fail to win the purse championship as well. In 1964, with 124 winners and 162 second-place finishes, Mathet rewrote all his *continued*

At new Longchamp, where the brilliant and controversial François Mathet (right) is the leading trainer, 13 escalators, express and local, now supplement stairways and elevators to bring patrons to six track levels.



own records as his horses won \$1,030,800. It was the first time that a trainer had gone over the million-dollar mark in France. The year 1965 was even more dazzling: 135 winners and \$1,250,000 won. With 492 starters—"I have three or four runners every day of the season"—Mathet had achieved a fantastic winning average of .274.

In Mathet's 21-year career, his horses have accounted for 1,561 victories, including 94 over National Hunt courses. His first outstanding horse, Dupre's Tantôme, who won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in 1950 and 1951, is his own choice as the best he has ever trained or seen. "He was, after all," says Mathet, "champion of his age at 2, 3 and 4 and won 12 of 15 races." But there have been many others. He won the Epsom Derby with Phil Drake and also with Relko, the Epsom Oaks with Sicarelle and Bella Paola, the Coronation Cup with Tantôme and Dicta Drake. In addition to these, Mathet trained Northern Light, Madnight Sun and, more recently, Reliance, whose only defeat in his career was to Sea Bird in the 1965 Arc.

In 1962, after winning the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes with Dupre's Match, Mathet shipped

him to Laurel where, in the Washington, D.C., International, Saint-Martin turned in the ride of his life on this son of Tantôme to win over Kelso and Curry Buck as the third U.S. horse, favorite Beau Purple, finished 11th. What did Mathet remember about that great day? "I didn't go over for the race," he says, "I was too busy."

Today Mathet is a solid 165 pounds and a shade under 5 feet 8 inches tall. His dark hair is gradually thinning, but his quick eyes are every bit as alert as they must have been in the early 1930s, when he was galloping over Europe's steeplechase courses as a dashing cavalry lieutenant. Impeccably dressed (usually in dark pinstripes) when he goes to the races, Mathet seems a bit more relaxed at the distinguished *maison* he has built on his 62 acres on the outskirts of Chantilly. There, walking through the symmetrically laid-out gardens that he designed himself, he is apt to appear in gray flannels and a conservative sports coat. There, too, he shrugs off his air of perpetual conflict with the world around him. His attractive wife Marguerite and their sons, Melchior François, 4, and Hubert, 3, gather around him in his oak-paneled library, and Mathet plays the

role of host so well that he might easily be taken for an embassy chief of protocol. That is, until the talk turns to racing, when it inevitably does.

Recently Mathet was showing a visitor through this majestic house on an afternoon when his presence was not required at the track. He slowly paced the Louis XIV parquet floors and then paused, looking like a latter-day Napoleon, facing a broad picture window overlooking the thick forests of the peaceful One Valley. He raised a hand to point in the direction of Paris. "As the cross flies," he said deliberately, "it is exactly 38 kilometers from my hill to the Arc de Triomphe."

There have been times in Mathet's life when the possibility of ever living so close to the Etoile must have seemed remote indeed. "My grandfather was a mining engineer in the east of France," he said, "and as a little boy I remember being with my father in Lunéville, where he was a cavalry officer. Naturally he rode, but he had no interest in racing—no registered colors or anything like that. He was wounded in the war of '14, and then we moved west when he commanded a depot. We were in Versailles in 1915, I was 7, and it was the first time I rode. I loved it from the beginning."

"It was more or less expected of me that I follow in the footsteps of my grandfather and uncle and become an engineer. At school I was a dunce in foreign languages, and it has always been difficult for me to understand English, much less learn to speak it. Finally I decided to take the competition for Saint-Cyr [the French counterpart of West Point], because in your second year, if you do well, you can take up riding. I had always had the luck, or bad luck if you want to call it that, of never failing an exam, but still I took the Saint-Cyr tests without too much enthusiasm. I had a good written but almost failed the oral and got in with a very bad rank, 220th out of 320. I worked very hard that first year and moved up to seventh out of 320, got my good standing in the cavalry and graduated as a 2nd lieutenant. Then I went to the cavalry school at Saumur on the Loire River."

At Saumur, Mathet indulged his passion for horsemanship in the company of fellow officers who grew up believing that it was unsporting to go into battle in a tank if horses were avail-



Cavalry Officer Mathet looked back after one of his jumping victories in the '30s.

able. But already Lieut. Mathet was having his doubts about the army as a career. "My aim really was to get the benefit of the riding, which I found exciting and easy," he said. "Anyway, I don't think the army suited my character. The horses did."

The best, smallest and most interested officers at Saumur were encouraged to volunteer for country races, and Mathet got his chance in the nearby town of Baugé aboard a mare called Durandel. His only previous race had been a cross-country affair at Saint-Cyr, which he won with no great difficulty. But at Baugé the race was on a track where loose-hanging rope had been put up in place of an inside rail. "I went to the inside, of course," he said, "but suddenly my foot caught in the rope. It broke, but with one end of it wrapped around my boot I was soon pulling 100 yards of rope behind me while the whole field passed me easily. My instructor was so ashamed of me he would never let me race again while I was at Saumur."

Posted to his first garrison at Provins in 1929, Mathet bought two horses for "just above the butcher's price" and with one of them, Invicta, which he trained himself, won his first official race, a steeplechase, on June 22, 1930. He registered his colors—black, white sleeves and green cap—and for the next few years, while he treated the army as a convenient place to hang his sabre, he toured the gentlemen-riders' circuit with remarkable success both on the flat and over jumps. He rode throughout France as well as in England, Germany and Italy. Five times he topped the amateur riders' list, and in one year, 1936, he was credited with 51 victories. Before he gave up competitive riding Mathet rode 208 winners, all but 38 of them over jumps. And when he quit he did it with typical decisiveness. "In the summer of 1944," he said, "my horse was squeezed and fell at a ditch I lay on the ground, unhurt, but as I watched the other horses go over I thought to myself, 'This isn't amusing to me anymore!' So I gave up race-riding. And when I got deeply into training, I did not train jumpers. Although I liked jumping tremendously, for me the true pleasure was the participation as a rider, not as an observer."

During all this time Mathet had not requested any guidance from experienced trainers, nor had any veterans of-

ferred him advice. "You might say," he recalled, "that I learned about horses from my own experience and from my own trials and errors. Looking back on it now, I remember establishing only one clear fact at the beginning. In my second year at Saint-Cyr some of us used to ride out to Maisons-Laffitte. We'd leave our mounts in a field where the present car park is and walk in to watch the races. I remember watching those jockeys and saying to my comrades, 'Riding races certainly is different from cavalry riding, and I think the training must be, too.'"

"Success on the tracks increased my difficulties in the army, and in the late '30s I strongly considered leaving the cavalry to give full time to racing." Before Mathet could put his plan into effect the war came. On the 17th of May, 1940 Captain François Mathet, on horseback with the 8th Dragoons and in a futile defense of the northern point of the Maginot Line close to the Belgian border, quickly discovered what modern war was all about. As the German *Panzer* divisions raced by and around the mounted French troops, Mathet's outfit was hopelessly cut off by tanks and by troop-carrying trucks. "One of my horses finished up eventually at Dunkirk," he said, "but I remembered how in the war of '14 an army was trapped by the sea. So I took my chances by going south, and I escaped through the German lines."

Although Mathet saw brief service after that in Lebanon (where the French found themselves, for a time, in combat against English and Australian troops), he was returned to France and resigned his commission in 1942. It was not unusual for officers of France's battered army to resign if they were lucky enough to avoid deportation to Germany. An armistice had been declared, and general orders to the troops were to stay put and do as they were told. In the intervening years since those days of frustration and confusion, many French soldiers, especially former commissioned officers, have been accused of lack of patriotism for having failed either to escape to the newly formed Free French forces in North Africa and Great Britain or to join the resistance movement. The vast majority of Frenchmen found themselves unable to do either. In Mathet's case favorable circumstances gave him, in 1942, the opportunity to return to his first love,

continued

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PARIS RACING continued

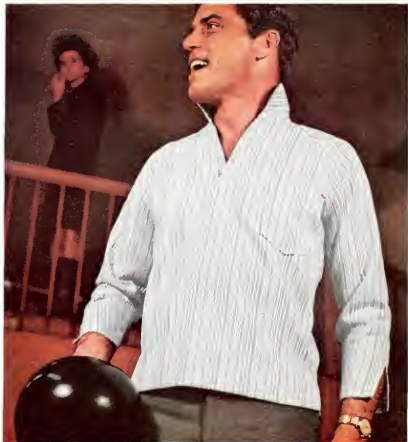
horses. A trainer named Maurice d'Ockhuysen took him into his yard at Maisons-Laffitte, and almost before he knew it—when d'Ockhuysen was picked up by the Germans for illegal possession of a gun—Mathet inherited the role of full-time trainer.

Although he took out his own license in 1944 and started a public stable consisting of two horses ("which I owned, trained and rode"), it wasn't until François Dupré signed him on for the 1947 season that Mathet really began to demonstrate his skill. The victories, honors and riches have piled up during the years since as he slowly brought the Dupré stable up to the level of the leading owner-breeder of the early '50s—men like the late Aga Khan, Edouard de Rothschild and Marcel Boussac.

Today Mathet trains his 200 horses in four spacious Chantilly yards for four owners: Dupré, Karim Aga Khan, Jorge de Araujo and Mme. Arpad Plesch. In addition, there are one or two belonging to Couturière "Coco" Chanel. Mathet's 125 employees are regimented as though they were Saumur recruits. If he wants a set of horses to leave the yard at 7 a.m., he does not expect to see the first one put its nose through the gate at 7:01. "There is a misconception in America, maybe," he suggests, "about how one man can train so many horses. Over there I believe you are surprised when a trainer has more than 30. The difference is that in America the horses in training are stabled at the racetrack and the owner's other horses will be off at his farm, where they are not expected to be in racing condition. At Chantilly, although all the horses are in one locale, at least half of them are, in effect, just boarding and being prepared. I seldom have more than 50 racing regularly at one time."

Mathet credits much of his success to his full-time presence and full-time work. But he also believes there has been one important change in the field since he joined it. "In the old days," he says, "it seemed that the *training* was the aim. Now the *race* is the aim. There is an old saying: 'How many horses won their gallops but lost their races?' I believe the trainer's job is to get the horse in shape in his gallops. If he has the class, he'll win his races. I don't think I'm much different in my approach now from many other trainers. I do believe that half a horse's feed (linseed, oats, barley

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and brain] should be cooked, because there is more variety in cooked feed, and it is probably more digestible. And, lastly, I think a 2-year-old should only run if he's very good or terribly precocious."

In the distant, anything-goes days of French racing, before chemists' tests were taken seriously (or, in fact, taken at all), there was no way of telling how many horses were doped or how many jockeys paid to pull them. Today racing in France is so prosperous—thanks to the government's participation in off-track betting, a general increase in purse distribution and the modernization of several antiquated tracks—that skulduggery in the conduct of the sport has been vastly reduced. The horsemen's rising economy makes it possible for nearly half of France's 200 trainers to earn a comfortable living by charging their clients anywhere from \$5 to \$8 per day per horse. (In the U.S. the rate varies from \$10 to \$18.) The result of this relative prosperity is that few trainers will risk reputation and future livelihood by becoming involved in a doping scandal. (In England where, as one prosperous French trainer puts it, "half the trainers are in the hands of the bookmakers," the situation seems to be reversed.)

Still, incidences of doping pop up in every racing country—including France. And over the years some horses trained by already controversial François Mathet have been the targets of serious charges. "You can be sure," says one of Mathet's contemporaries, "that if Mathet were to dope a horse he'd dope it with something that could not be detected." Says Mathet himself, "There are a lot of horses being put to sleep in France, probably more than we suspect. [Mathet refers to the use of a depressant that would keep a favorite from winning, rather than a stimulant to give a horse added vigor.] But my enemies who want to ruin the name of Mathet should be clever enough to know that when I employ 125 men, how could I possibly dope a horse without one of the 125 knowing about it and reporting it?"

By the rules of racing, it is the trainer who must inevitably face up to a hearing in a doping case. In 1959 when Vamour, whom he trained for Suzy Volterra, lost two important races as the heavy favorite, Mathet ordered tests of his own taken on the horse. When they came back positive he called in the po-

continued

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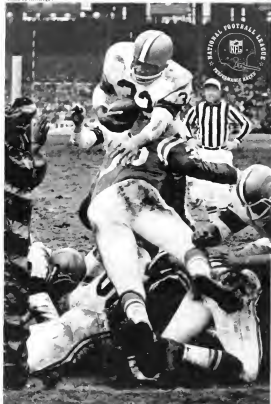


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lice, who uncovered nothing. Other tests were taken by chemists employed by La Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration des Races de Chevaux en France (the ruling body of French racing), but when those failed to find traces of any drug, Mathet promptly charged that the samples were worthless because they had lain around on somebody's desk for nearly a week before being examined.

A more celebrated case occurred after Dupré's Abaco won a stakes in 1962 and was found positive. The stewards decided that Mathet was responsible but not guilty, and they let him off with a fine instead of a suspension. He would have been suspended if the stewards could have proved his guilt. Mathet, who still gets furious thinking about it, opened a legal action against the Société. He claims, "I have proof of a complete fabrication." In suing to clear his name, Mathet is alleging illegal procedure in that the tests were not taken in the usual way. Recently a spokesman for the Société said, in the careful language of the trained diplomat, "The Société is proud of trainers who bring success to France. Mathet's high qualities as a trainer have never been in doubt. It is only regrettable that he contests the decision of the Société so often. I am sorry Mathet disagrees. His colleagues may be against him; we aren't. As to when the action will be settled, we have no idea. We are the defendants. We will defend well. I assure you."

Not all cases involving Mathet get into the courtrooms. The English stewards summoned Mathet for a friendly talk chat after his Relko won the 1963 Epsom Derby, as did the Irish stewards a few weeks later after Relko was scratched at the post from the Irish Derby. Whether Relko was "got at" or not before the Irish Derby even Mathet cannot be sure. He prefers to call it "a strange combination of circumstances." His account of the odd sequence of events follows: "I worked Relko at Chantilly on the Tuesday. And he shipped on Wednesday with the same traveling lad who was always with him. The lad, however, had never been to Ireland before. On Thursday Relko just walked in preparation for two canters I wanted him to have Friday. When he came out on the Curragh for the first time Friday he saw sheep grazing and they frightened him, so he did not enter. On Saturday, the day of the race,

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in order that he wouldn't be frightened again by the sheep, we vanned him to the track instead of walking him. Now, this horse had not exercised since Tuesday, and what happened to him, I believe, was that he was struck suddenly by what we call 'set fast,' which is a muscular fever with horses who have been idle too long. When Relko came on the track he cantered badly, and halfway around to the start I knew we were in trouble. The vet at the start knew Relko had suffered a dislocated hip as a yearling, and he thought that that was what was the matter with him now. But Saint-Martin called me on the field phone and said, 'The horse is limping badly,' so we scratched him. I still say it was just a bad set of circumstances."

Mathet agrees with many a French horseman that money from bookmakers in Germany, where a heavy volume of business is done on French race results, probably has more to do with puzzling reversals of form than anything else. But he doesn't discount treachery on the home front, either. "In 21 years," he says, "I have discharged many—some in a hot way! A lot of things have stopped around my yards since a few men have been let go. Even now I don't let the vets treat my horses, except if they are really sick. Otherwise I just give them time instead of treatment. If the vet wants to give a pill or a shot I say no. I'd prefer to give them time."

Talking about his protégé, Jockey Saint-Martin, brings a rare smile to Mathet's face. "I have often dreamed," he says slowly, "of being able to communicate with my jockey during a race. With Saint-Martin this isn't necessary, because he's always in the right spot. In fact, since he came to work for me at the age of 14 he's been a most remarkable boy—*très sympathique*—and as straight as a string. He has a great feel for a horse, and a nervous one will settle down under him immediately. He is cool, has exceptionally quick reflexes and has grown into a strong finisher. He also enjoys reading, good music—and, best of all, success hasn't turned his head."

Saint-Martin's friends know what he, in turn, thinks of François Mathet. Not long ago, when he was offered more than \$60,000 to work for another trainer, he simply said, "I'd rather get a kick in the derriere from Mathet than work for anyone else."

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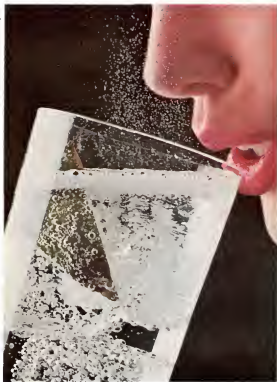
Whether you have a gun in your hand or a golf club, if you expect to hit a target you must first take aim. Because so many parts of the body—hands, feet, knees, hips and shoulders—are involved, taking aim in golf is a complicated process. Let's consider just the matter of the hands. Do you have the habit of taking your grip on the club while you are waving it around in the air? Many golfers do, but this is a very inaccurate way of getting the club face and the hands on line. You should begin by placing the club head on the ground behind the ball and squaring the face to the target. Then, keeping

the club firmly in place, position your left hand so that the back of the hand is also aimed directly at the target. Next, place the right hand on the club so that its palm is square to the same line. Now your hands and the club face are properly aligned, and at least one error has been eliminated right at the very beginning. This step-by-step method of taking the grip makes adjusting for a draw or a fade relatively easy. For a right-to-left draw you merely turn the club face slightly to the left of the line to the target; for a left-to-right fade, turn the club face slightly to the right of this line.

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Joe Burk's blinking black box

Lacking first-rate talent to man his oars, Pennsylvania's rowing coach has developed an electronic gadget designed to speed up his boats

Until the spring of 1965, nothing more was ever asked of Boat No. 62 than that it carry Coach Joe Burk's University of Pennsylvania crew up the Schuylkill River without sinking. Then, under Joe's direction a team of electronic experts began fiddling with old No. 62 and, when they were through, it was the end of an age in rowing, the age of innocence, perhaps. It was also a beginning. The electronics had installed a small black box in the after part of the boat that winked red and green and orange and white with every stroke and so told Burk whether his rowers were pulling their weight. The results, although less than miraculous, were encouraging. In the only race in which Penn used the device, old No. 62 moved up several boat lengths in class.

So far in the spring of 1966 this little black box with its perily winking lights has not enabled a fair-to-middling Penn crew to catch up to, say, Harvard. But it has enabled one of the world's most tradition-bound sports to catch up to the 20th century. Like most devices that refine tradition, it has been greeted with derision by many oldtimers. "Outrageous," was the kindest thing the old guard could say when they first saw it. "Harvard has beaten Penn twice this year, and no black box is going to change that," Correct. The 1966 Penn crew is certainly no match for Harvard. Realistically, Penn is no match for anyone. Yet already this year Penn has won races from Princeton, Yale, Columbia and Cornell, and finished second to Harvard. The only time Penn has been really out of the race was at the Eastern Sprints when Burk's new gadget was not used.

New spirit? New muscles? New joy through pulling together? Not at all. "New black box," says Burk, who is himself a top-ranking member of rowing's old guard. Despite that rank, however, Burk has for years been happily ignoring any tradition of rowing that failed to make his shells go faster. At age 22, for instance, this son of a New Jersey apple farmer startled the rowing community by challenging the best single scullers in the world with a style reminiscent of an overfed teal trying to get airborne. Before that, Burk had tried sculling the long, lovely-to-look-at power strokes of his time—and got nowhere. "Form is fine," thought the young Burk, but he was also aware that you get the maximum pull from an oar when its blade is farthest from the boat, i.e., at

right angles to the side. Solution (or here's, depending on how you react to classic ways): get the blades there as often as possible, ignore the long layback and follow-through, and go, man, go.

Nor was that the end of it. Besides snapping his oars in and out of the water at a rate that approached pure frenzy, Burk also ignored the advice of experts who urged him to race the other fellow, not himself. Burk was very respectful of the old ideas, because he is that kind of person, but he simply did not believe them. So he began sculling with a cheap pocket watch stuck between his toes. "I had a definite stroke I knew would be good enough to win," was Burk's theory. "If the other fellow went off ahead of me I let him go. He'd come back to me—if I stuck to my stroke."

For four years the other fellows came back with such consistency that Burk became known variously as "the Maverick," "the Robot," "the Machine" and "that Damn Fool American." After he won their national championships in 1938, the Canadians were flabbergasted. "Why, he does everything wrong," said one heated contender. "Not wrong," said his coach, "just different."

Sculler Burk won the world championship Diamond Sculls twice at Henley before quitting to go to sea in a PT boat during World War II. As a coach, when the war was over, he was no more orthodox than he had been as a sculler. At that time weight lifting, for instance, was not only universally scorned by athletes, it was considered somewhat unclean by oarsmen in whose view the perfect physical specimen was a 6-foot 4-inch string of spaghetti. But as Harvard Coach Harry Parker, who rowed for Burk in the Penn shell of 1937, points out: "Burk is a logical man, and if he cannot see the logic in something..."

continued



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Here Parker made a gesture of a man cutting his throat. As a coach, Burk could see absolutely no logic in spaghetti-shaped oarsmen, so he soon had his rowers huffing away at the weights. Today very few oarsmen would even consider trying to keep in shape without some weight-lifting routines.

When Penn asked Burk to return to his old university as head coach, he jumped at the chance to try out other new ideas that had been fermenting in him for years. "He is so much more willing to experiment than most coaches," says Parker, "and he does it without hesitation." Not only will Burk snub an old style if he does not believe in it, he will revamp new techniques—even his own—at the very moment skeptics are becoming believers. Without hesitation, Burk had his varsity eights rowing with the same quick pace he himself used as a single sculler. Unfortunately, with few exceptions (in 1955 and 1962), the young men who showed up at the Penn boathouse each fall would have had a tough time welding croquet mallets, let alone pulling an oar for three miles. The strange, flying style of the Penn boats raised a few eyebrows all right, but there is something about losing a race that absolutely ruins enthusiasm for a new style. Then came Germany's Olympic champion Ratzburg crew to the U.S. rowing in the same jerky fashion that Burk advocated. *Atkins'* coaches began falling off boat docks studying this "new" style.

Burk, of course, was gratified at the response to the foreigners' system, but he also noticed that the Germans did lose on occasion, and when they did, it was into a headwind. "I began to think then," said Burk, "that a pace somewhere in between the stately 29 strokes a minute and my own style of nearly 42 would be best." So now, when it is the height of elegance to flay at the water in spastic haste, Penn crews often understroke opponents. "Good grief," said one exasperated coach, "what's he up to now?" The question was answered by another rival. "That man is always a step ahead of the rest of us. If he only had some decent material he'd clobber us."

This year, for the first time ever, Penn is making it possible for Joe to get some good rowing material for the future by an active recruiting campaign. Meanwhile Joe is electrifying the material he has with his black box. What is it? Basically,

an electronic device that measures the force each oarsman is applying to his blade at the peak of his stroke and relays that information to the rower and to his coxswain by means of light signals. A spring mechanism attached to each oarlock triggers at a force of 215 pounds—and gets you one light. At 240 pounds, wink goes the second light. A 265-pound thrust gets you three lights, and at 285 pounds—jack pot! All four lights are on, and son, you are definitely pulling your weight.

The initial reaction of the Penn crew to this electronic tattle-tale was decided uneasiness. "That blasted thing will show exactly what I can't do," said one. And even Burk had his dark thoughts. "It certainly took a lot of the guesswork out of rowing," he observed, "but if you don't have a great crew, maybe it's better not to know too much. I may have created a monster."

Burk's is the kind of monster that every coach in the country will be trying to tame within a few years, for the results in the Penn boat were immediate and startling. "In practice, no matter who I put in with the wizard [that's the name the little black box goes by now, or, simply, the lights] they would leave the other boat behind," said Burk. "Once we had two boats in a race without the wizard, I signaled the cox to turn it on in one of the boats, and it was amazing—that boat just bolted out in front."

Explanations as to why the wizard works are numerous. For one thing, it tells the coach and cox immediately who is getting oomph in his strokes and who is not. Two of the most unlikely-looking oarsmen ever to row for Penn—and Penn has had some beauties—are John Henderson, a 5-foot 11-inch fellow who weighs 175 pounds, and Nick Paumgarten, who, at 6-foot-3, also weighs 175 pounds and would be the odds-on choice to get the part of Ichabod Crane in the school play. "They would never have rowed for the varsity," said Burk, "except they kept the lights winking. They were simply much stronger than they looked." The two are now No. 2 and bow in the varsity shell.

The cox also tells the oarsman exactly what he is up against. Burk likens this to a weight lifter trying to get a barbell off the floor without knowing its weight. "Tell him it's 200 pounds," said Burk, "and he knows what he has to do to lift it. You can do a lot more than you

think you can if you have something solid to shoot for."

Most important of all, perhaps, Burk can now get his crew to follow a precisely calculated race plan. The old Burk cry, "He'd come back to me—if I stuck to my stroke," is being heard again around the Penn dock.

Burk first unleashed the wizard last year at the IRA regatta in Syracuse. Predictably, there were immediate cries of unethical by some officials, but Burk pointed out that the wizard does not make the boat go faster. The rowers do that. All it does is tell them how. Like a stopwatch, only better. Confronted with such logic, the race committee gave the wizard its tentative blessing, and Penn went out and finished eighth in a field of 15. No bells started to peal at this result, but when you consider that Penn was picked to finish a dead last, it was something to ponder.

Most coaches were still not convinced the wizard would help during actual bloodletting. "It might be a good train-

ing device," said one, "but I doubt it will help in a race." He was wrong. Burk speang the wizard at Princeton in Penn's first race this spring, and his advice to the Penn crew was explicit. "We know the capability of Princeton. If you keep so many lights winking for the first quarter and so many at the second quarter, you will catch Princeton at the three-quarter mark and you will win." Sure enough, Princeton bolted off into a lead, and at exactly the three-quarter mark Penn caught them and won by three-quarters of a length. The same instructions were issued for the race against Yale, with minor variations. "I thought we'd win by two lengths at least," said Yale Coach Jim Rathschmidt. "But they caught us at the three-quarter mark and beat us by nearly a length." Naturally, That is exactly what Burk had told his crew before the race.

Harvard, of course, was a different problem. Burk knew exactly how many lights had to wink and at exactly what points in the course in order to beat the

Crimson. The trouble was the Penn crew did not have the strength to match the plan. "You can tell the weight lifter that if he presses 400 pounds he'll be the champion," said Burk. "But if he can't do it, he can't."

The wizard has by no means reached full maturity. It is still a far-too-heavy 50 pounds, but General Electric Physicist John McGinn, who designed it for Burk, wanted to make sure it worked before he started any miniaturizing. Heavy or not, the Penn rowers want it aboard. "We needed the lights," said one bitterly disappointed member of the defeated Penn crew after the box was left out of the boat during the Eastern Sprints three weeks ago. "Don't worry," said Joe Burk. "You'll get them in the next race."

And so, it seems likely, will a good many other crews. If not in the next race, then very soon. For Penn's Joe Burk has moved the science of rowing a step forward, and nobody can afford to hang back.

END

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Breedlove's forged aluminum wheels were designed and precision machined to within 5/1000 of an inch tolerance. They came from Goodyear's Aviation Products Division, which also made the brakes for the Spirit of America.

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brakes, like those used in aircraft catapult and arresting gears, provided stopping control at speeds below 200 mph.

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Troubled waters in paradise

Charter men who fish the reefs off the Florida Keys have had a slim season. Some blame sharks or the weather—most blame the Cubans

Drumbeaters for the area call them "the fabulous Florida Keys," adding modestly that their surrounding waters provide "the world's finest fishing." In those waters, they leap to point out, swim not less than 800 species of fish, many of them prime gamesters, some of astonishing size and some exquisite marine jewels.

The composite picture of the Keys is a very special type of heaven for fishermen. Even to hint that fishing was slackening in any part thereof would be tantamount to knocking heaven itself. But now the unheard of has been heard: the impossible has reared its grisly head. Certain charter-boat captains in the upper Keys are admitting that catches of reef fish dropped off sharply during the past year. Beyond merely admitting it, they shout it aloud that all may hear.

Their cries are seldom voiced unless coupled with a denunciation of the Cuban refugees who have built up a commercial fishery of their own on the same reefs fished by the charter boats. Most of all, the charter men denounce the Cuban practice of using longlines or trotlines, as they are called locally.

"Why all this complaining about Japanese longlines out in the Pacific or somewhere when we've got longlines right on our doorstep?" demanded Captain Gene Lowe, 40 years a charter man. "They're ruining fishing on the reef. Those fish struggling on longlines bring the sharks. The whole thing's a mess."

Captain Lowe said catches on the part of the reef he fishes had dropped off two-thirds during the past season. Captain Cliff Carpenter, 38 years in the business, agreed that reef fishing had been poor during the winter and said he had never seen so many sharks. Captain M. Rodney Albury, 76-year-old charter man, described fishing on the reef as the worst in 40 years. Captain Albury has cause for concern about business prospects for he is soon to be married.

These and other fishing guides of the

upper Keys, such as Captain Calvin Albury, who used to fish President Hoover, take a proprietary interest in the reef lying a few miles from their homes. The reef has been their standby, their bread-and-butter area. When sailfish and other Gulf Stream game fish were uncooperative, the charter men could always come in to troll the reef, assured of catching enough grouper, yellowtail, snapper and other reef species to fill their customers with pride and furnish plenty of material for the traditional picture on the dock. All this has been changing since the Cubans came.

Many of the Cubans use the same small boats in which they escaped from their homeland. They were commercial fishermen in Cuba, and they returned to the sea as soon as they could. Fishing is a calling that men seldom forsake. The refugees are mostly small men who work at a slow pace but are able to keep it up for endless hours. Tame means nothing to them. They may pass an entire day catching minnows for bait and then set out at 3:30 or 4 p.m., often with one boat towing another to save gasoline. They fish all night and return with their catch the next morning.

One of the largest concentrations of Cubans, some 20 boats, fishes out of Tavernier Fisheries on the north end of Plantation Key, an establishment set up by Fish N Poultry, wholesalers at Opa-Locka, near Miami. The wholesalers' representative, Carl Jacobsen, buys the fish from the Cubans and supervises the shipping. When not out fishing, the Cubans sleep on cots in the building or work on their gear, mending lines and sharpening hooks.

The Cuban version of the longline is a heavy cord about 500 feet long from which dangle 90 to 100 hooks at intervals of five feet. The longline is anchored and buoyed at either end, baited and permitted to sink to the bottom. When a fish is caught it struggles until it gets loose, is eaten by a shark or is pulled in

Continued



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FISHING *continued*

by the fisherman. This practice, say the charter men, wastes lots of fish, causes sharks to collect and makes fishing miserable for sports fishermen.

Everyone concerned, Cubans included, agrees that the sharks are out there in terrific numbers, and everyone is losing a lot of fish to them. The Roberts family—Herman and his sons, Leroy and Mark, who operate a commercial fishing enterprise—had so many expensive mackeral nets torn up by sharks that they had to give up fishing for a time and go after the predators. Their method was to catch half a dozen sharks, cut them up and throw chunks of their livers into the water. This soon brought other sharks which, upon eating the livers, got sick and went away for a while. But this method was only a stopgap at best.

Whatever the facts, the longlines are being blamed by many fishermen for concentrating the sharks. While the verbal storm surrounds them, the Cuban refugees go steadily about their fishing tasks, spending those hours catching chum and bait and many more hours bouncing in their small boats out on the reef. Their presence has revived old controversies concerning what and who is most detrimental to the wondrous fish populations of the reef. Some oldtimers say that sharks have increased steadily since the local shark-processing plant closed down a few years ago.

Leroy Roberts, lifetime commercial fisherman, feels that the Cubans and their longlines are not the overwhelming menace that some would picture them. "Consider the spear fishermen, the commercial fishermen, the head boats, the charter-boat men, the Cubans and the private sports fishermen—we all ruined it a little bit," says Roberts.

He feels that sports fishermen with their light, monofilament lines are as guilty as any other group on the ground that they lose more fish than they land and those fish that escape with hooks in their mouths fall prey to sharks.

Dr. Walter A. Starck II, the son and grandson of charter men, went off to college, got himself some degrees and now looks upon fish from the viewpoint of a marine scientist. When asked about the charges voiced against the Cubans, he said "Horsefeathers." Dr. Starck, who has dived the reef for eight years and who is working under a National Science Foundation grant, knows there are still plenty of fish out there because

continued



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he swims among them. Looking below him into 100-foot depths, he sees big grouper, snapper and even schools of snook, which are usually regarded by fishermen as shallow-water fish sought in bays, creeks and inlets.

Dr. Starck told of catching hundreds of snapper, tagging them and releasing them while fishermen around him were catching none. He refused to disclose his techniques on the ground that others would use them to fish out the big school of mangrove snapper he uses for research. Fishermen, he said, might improve their luck with a change of tactics, and he even hinted that charter men who have been dragging lines over the reef for decades might do well to improve their own methods. "Over a period of time fish learn things," he said. "Members of the snapper group are the smartest of the lot."

No overall scientific study of fish populations on the reef has been made, and to make one would be a monumental undertaking. From his lengthy observa-

tions, Dr. Starck is certain that the maximum sustained yield of the reef has not been endangered by the Cubans, who have been taking only 1,500 pounds of fish a night—in good weather.

The refugee fleet is growing at Tavernier as well as further down along the Keys from Key Largo to Key West. Some American fish houses buy their fish. Others will not. Sentiment against the Cubans is rising, although the general attitude expressed by the Americans is still sympathetic toward their flight from the Castro regime.

Charges that instructions have been passed down to local authorities to go easy on the Cubans are denied by Licut. Edward G. Little, state conservation officer, who says that Cubans are arrested for the usual infractions but these have not been exceptionally numerous. He said they were quite prompt about paying the \$25 alien fee for commercial fishing and the similar extra-boat fee for aliens.

The Cubans contend they have not been particularly successful with their

longlines and also use the traditional handline, which is wound around a wooden or plastic ring. It is agreed that either is a tough way to make a living on the reef.

There have been instances of Cubans being chased off when catching bait near a marina, some of their lines cut and other minor incidents, but so far the controversy has remained mostly verbal.

It may be that one of the most important reasons for the poor fishing has been the wind. This past winter strong blows seemed to be more constant than in many a year, keeping charter men shorebound with their disappointed customers. When the boats did go out they often found that wave action had clouded the water. But the winds are dying, and the other day a charter man returned with grinning customers and the biggest catch he had made this season. If that sort of thing continues, the Cubans and their longlines will be forgotten. Peace will reign once more in fishermen's paradise.

END

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RULE OF THUMB

In an otherwise unremarkable suburb south of Paris a number of bizarre figures appear at intervals, strung out beside the highway like a line of circus washing. The first strikes a Rule Britannia attitude with thumb aloft; he is swathed from head to knees in a smock constructed of two Union Jacks. Fifty yards farther on stands a man wearing a child's yellow sweater on his head, its straw-stuffed sleeves pointing like rabbit's ears; he scans the oncoming traffic with the sharp eyes of a connoisseur. A couple of tow-haired youths



Those who wish to travel long distances on small purses should pack their kit bags and try hitchhiking, a sport that requires nerve, ingenuity, endurance and an unshakable faith that the next ride is just around the corner

BY JANET GRAHAM

FOR THE OPEN ROAD

stride purposefully down the road, displaying well-pressed khaki shorts and seemingly unhampered by their Everest-worthy kit of ropes, flashlights, cameras, whistles and bowie knives, plus packs that must weigh 40 pounds apiece. They pass a suspiciously youthful bearded priest who has flopped down to eat his sandwiches, revealing beneath his cassock the hairy legs and sweaty lederhosen of the camper. A delicate Japanese girl trips by, arm in arm with a cherubic white-haired granddad. She must be 17 and he 70, but the

triangular badges on their knapsacks proclaim them both youth hostellers. All in their own fashion make strange, ritualistic gestures toward the stream of passing vehicles; and half an hour later all have vanished like so many swallows on their journey south. For these are hitchhikers 1966—enjoying one of the oldest and gayest of all sports, the Sport of the Open Road.

Ever since Clactonian Man first traveled across the Continent in 400,000 B.C., the young and impoverished *Freemond*



have been bumming their way around Europe by one means or another. Wandering scholars, peddlers, tinkers, mendicant friars and troubadours—they, too, tried to go long distances on small purses and brought down on their heads the scorn of more affluent travelers and the violent disapproval of authority. In the 16th century a girl with a taste for vagabondage would be castigated as a *kinchin-mort* or bawdy basket. Worse still, in the Middle Ages vagrants might be seized for their idle roguery about the country and burned through the grille of the right ear with a hot iron, or perhaps branded with a large red V on the chest (a barbaric stigma worn nowadays only by the severely sunburned).

Modern penalties are less harsh, but attitudes are much the same. I know, because some years ago, before I had one husband, six children, a village store and a home with 17 attic bedrooms, when I was footloose and fancy (more or less) free, I carried my house on my back in a crumpled rucksack and traveled at a happy snail's pace along the byroads and byroads of Europe by rule of thumb—I ruled the thumb, the thumb ruled the motorists. I worked my passage from New York to London playing Mary Poppins to a diplomat's poppet; hitched around the Shakespeare country, where the rain it raineth every day, just like the man said. Then, with my lanky English friend Kate, I struggled from London to Paris, discovering the hard way that this is the worst hitching route in Europe. I hitched from Paris to Marseille by barge, with a crew of whom I was by no means the motleyest; from Marseille to Rome in Holy Year, being mistaken for a pilgrim and sometimes worse; from Rome to Innsbruck with three geologists in a crazy jalopy with no brakes; and round every village in the Austrian Tyrol with a traveling grocery salesman with white knee socks and a heart of gold. Innocent pleasures; but I had to steel myself against the panic of parents, the anguish of nuns, the principles of principals, the blustering of bosses, the fulminations of fiancés and the contumely of consuls. Believe me, it's not the hitching that wears you out, it's the heckling.

So if you, too, have thoughts of hitchhiking from Alaska to Zanzibar, of thumbing your way along the Golden Road to Samarkand or even the foggy A34 to Stratford-on-Avon, expect to be looked upon with great disfavor. Your parents will jitter and remind you that 40% of hitchhikers in Wichita, Kans. have criminal records, cautious friends will recount the squalid details of what happened to their roommate's cousin in Istanbul, and even the dictionary will describe your companions in unflattering terms, "to hitch" being cheerfully defined as "to move with jerks."

Ask the Boy Scouts: hitchhiking is prohibited, except in very exceptional circumstances. The International Youth Hostel Federation discourages members from relying on this as a means of travel. The Royal Automobile Club normally advises members against giving lifts. In foreign consulates, too, you will be met with thunderous scowls if you are unwary enough to disclose your projected means of transport

(known in France as *auto stop*, in Denmark as *at rejse på tommelfingeren*, in Finland as *matkustaa peukalokyydillä* and in China as "travel with the yellow fish"). The government of West Germany is not fond of the practice, and in France this mode of transport has been discouraged by the authorities for some considerable time, while in Italy you are liable to be arrested if found to be without means of support.

Ignore them all, as so many have done before you. Despite these surly thumbs-down official judgments, the upraised thumb remains a valid ticket to adventure for uncountable thousands every year. We took to hitchhiking because it is fast, fascinating and free, while admitting that poverty is, in most cases, more of an excuse than a reason. In addition to freedom from fares, hitchhiking offers freedom from schedules (leave when you like, arrive when you may), freedom from possessions (carry what you can, do without the rest), freedom from tedium (endless variety of vehicles and drivers), and freedom from fixed abode (Anywhere, Europe will do nicely as an address).

I used to give my folks a distant *poste restante* to keep them happy, secure in the knowledge that their anxious letters telling me *not* to hitch behind the Iron Curtain would cross with mine announcing that I already had. Fellow hitchers confirm that this is a fine way to escape parental exhortations. "Dearest Stephen, Please keep away from Communist countries," was blithely answered by Steve's tale of how a Bulgarian policeman stopped a car at gunpoint to get him his next ride. An air letter from Sydney warning, "Darling Audrey, On no account are you girls to set foot in Morocco," was countered by Audrey's soothing explanation of just how she came to be staying at the Missionary Maternity Home in Marrakesh.

It is true that hitchhiking, even in Old World Europe, can be mildly dangerous—that's one of the attractions in this overcautious age. So are some other sports—rock-climbing, field hockey and skin diving—but parents give these their blessing, presumably because they endanger only

10 TIPS TO GIRL HIKERS

- 1 *Take a companion—or a batpin.*
- 2 *Be met but not gaily—no low-cut blouses.*
- 3 *Ask driver first where he's going.*
- 4 *If he's tipsy or wolfish, say you are heading elsewhere.*
- 5 *Desire the driver who stops when you haven't thumbed.*
- 6 *Never accept a ride if your first instinct is against it.*
- 7 *Resist attempts to separate you from your hitching partner.*
- 8 *Keep your baggage near you for a quick getaway.*
- 9 *Know your route, and set that you stay on it.*
- 10 *Learn in five languages: "I'm going to throw up."*

your physique and not your virtue. Pull on your hitching duds and pick your team. Beg, borrow or barter your transatlantic fare to the European hitching grounds. You are about to hear, as Walt Whitman did, "the cheerful voice of the public road," and once you have heard it you will never be quite the same again. (But not, of course, in the way your mother fears.)

Two is the best number for a hitching team, and for speedy travel one of these, at least, should be a girl. A recent British survey reveals that girls average two days' travel from Paris to Marseille, while boys take twice that long. No wonder mere males conclude ruefully: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. A girl is usually glad to have a boy along, if only to form a barrier between her and the truck driver as he gropes for the gearshift.

Pairs of boys or girls often set off from home prepared to form mixed doubles en route, for these things have a way of sorting themselves out at Youth Hostels—notably in Paris, where we used to draw lots for roommates and then race each other to a Riviera rendezvous. These were casual, working partnerships. A couple of sprightly Australian secretaries paired up with "Bill and Henry" from Harvard for three weeks of carefree travel in North Africa and then parted without ever having discovered their last names.

Team spirit is strong, but throwing in an extra man after play has started is an unethical gambit that would certainly be frowned upon by the controlling body of any more organized sport. An attractive girl stands apparently alone by the roadside and thumbs, until some stumpy sports car driven by a predatory male squeals to a halt. The girl accepts the ride for herself "and my friend"—a loutish and overlaid youth who now staggers from behind the nearest hedge bearing two rucksacks and 50 pounds of camping gear. It must happen a good deal. Many is the kind motorist who has stopped for me and my fellow kinchin-mot, Kate, and who has then peered nervously around and muttered in hoarse tones, "Are there any more of you?" Honorable hitchers (there are some) condemn such trickery as Unfair Play, knowing that while you may attain one ill-gotten goal you lose a motorist-contestant for all future matches.

Boys can, if they wish, play solo. But the girl who travels alone, though she may get rides quickly, won't always get them from the most desirable companions. Respectable men will pass her by, fearing she may turn out to be an assault-claiming, blackmailing highwaywoman—or else a professional bawdy basket, offering rather more in the way of friendly companionship than the average motorist has time for.

The experienced girl hiker, therefore, avoids dressing too glamorously, lest she be mistaken for a streetwalker of quite another kind. Her clothes should be tidy and clean enough not to look odorous, but never so chic that the motorist reckons she could have paid her fare. A skirt and blouse will do fine. Bright colors attract the eye of the oncoming motorist, but Kate and I found the best lift-getting

garb of all was tailored navy blue with a neat cap, an intentionally air-hostessy image that appeared to reassure the most nervous driver. Any female who travels in trousers instead of a skirt is forgoing her greatest hitching asset. So successful, indeed, are skirts that even boys wear them when they can get away with it. More than one long-haired Scotsman plodding home late from a highland ball has



A beard and dark glasses give a sinister appearance, while a white shirt and pressed pants work wonders

been picked up by a motorist who greeted him furiously with, "Och, I only stopped for ye because I took ye for a gurl!" And many a kilted figure thumbing his way from Birmingham to Beirut has never been north of the border in his life.

Transvestism apart, boys who are content to look like boys will find that somber colors, beards and dark glasses give them an unrideworthy, sinister appearance, while crew cuts and college scarves work wonders. Well-pressed slacks and clean white shirts appeal to the choicest of motorists, but how can a succession of clean white shirts be produced on a hitching-and-hosteling trip? An enterprising University of Virginia student supplies the answer. On good hitching days, when ride follows ride in pleasant succession, he wears his workaday hitching garb of old jeans and a checked sport shirt. But at tricky periods like national holidays, when there is keen competition and a frustrated crowd of weary beatniks at every hitching point, he plays his ace. He slips out of sight from the road and pulls out his Do-it-yourself

roadman

Instant Bourgeois Kit, comprised of sparkling white shirt, Ivy League tie and creaseproof slacks preserved for the purpose at the bottom of his bag. Thus transformed, he resumes his place on the roadside and strikes a noble pose, one foot forward and head high, as though conquering far horizons. It never fails. Later, when he's got to know his driver well enough, he folds the shirt carefully back into its polyethylene bag, that way it lasts for weeks. (Laundry is always apt to be an embarrassment on a hitching tour, as he discovered when he was arrested by the Yugoslav police for washing his socks—without Marshal Tito's permission—in a fountain in Belgrade.)

The alternative to such a clean-cut-college-boy image is to adopt one of those picturesque rabbi's-ear or flag-draped costumes seen on the road south from Paris. One thing is certain: the successful hitcher must look either utterly respectable or else surrealistic enough to pique the curiosity of every motorist. The young Englishman who decided to thumb his way to North Africa in an impeccable city-stockbroker's outfit, with Savile Row suit, bowler, rolled umbrella, briefcase and copy of *The Times* beneath his arm, was the supreme champion of hitchhiking dress—in one stroke he had achieved both images.

Canny hitchers cut their kits to a minimum and then pack half of that. Novices take too much and spend a lot of time doing up unwieldy packages in cafes and shipping them home at vast expense. I remember that on our first inept hitching trip together, on that endless road to Paris, Kate had insisted on bringing a long-handled umbrella, six coat hangers and a coffeepot, while I had encumbered myself with, among other things, a volume of Shakespeare's sonnets. We were put to shame when we met up with the two chipper Australian girls at the Paris hostel. They had just spent five months on the road from Israel, with their combined belongings in one straw shopping basket. They told us that on an earlier journey, hitching overland from India, they had taken three changes of outfit, called good, better, best, but before they got halfway these had to be reclassified as bad, worse and unspeak-

able. So they learned to carry mending kits to preserve their well-groomed charms. Hitchers should take a toothbrush, soap and deodorant (to spare the drivers' sensibilities), first-aid kit, a small flashlight, warm nightwear, plenty of socks, a plastic raincoat or a wind-cheater, a white head scarf for hitching at dusk and a map. It's possible to get along without any of these, except the map. At all costs avoid loading yourself down like the southern boy I watched rearranging his gargantuan pack in a cafe in Edinburgh. Having heard back in Florida about the rigors of the Scottish climate, he had equipped himself with an old-fashioned stoneware hot-water bottle, which must have weighed not less than four pounds empty—and for all I know it was full.

Although the State Department would really prefer Americans to stay home rather than export precious currency for vacationing abroad, \$3 a day shouldn't embarrass Fort Knox, and many hitchers, sleeping rough, have sustained life and spirit on half that amount. A reserve for emergencies can be sewn into the bottom of your rucksack. Then if you find yourself down-and-out and in need of your fare back to Paris you won't have to sell your hair or your blood. (Hitchers report the last alternative to be quite profitable in countries like Greece and Turkey, where it fetches \$10 to \$15 a pint, but serum hepatitis from dirty needles is all too common.) If you fall into really desperate straits application can be made to the nearest consul for a bawling out, followed by instant repatriation. Kate had to do this when her pocketbook was pinched in the Roman Forum at the start of her vacation. A doughty trekker, she objected strenuously to being packed straight home.

"If I were you, young lady," scolded the consul, "I should want to go home rather than cause everyone so much trouble."

Kate stood, arms akimbo, and looked him straight in the eye. "But you're not me."

Before you pack up your troubles in your old, or spanking new, kit bag, you must decide, once and for all, which

continued



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GULF OIL CORPORATION



method of hitching best suits your particular temperament. are you to be a walking hitcher with rucksack, or a standing hitcher with hold-all?

The walking hitcher is the extroverted, energetic type, who feels he must get on with his journey by some means and if he can't hitch he'll cheerfully hike until something comes along. Not too choosy about his transport, he'll accept any ride that's offered, be it at 2 mph in a laundry van or merely the loan of a wheelbarrow—for baggage only. Because it is the part of him most visible to the potential ride-giver, he will festoon his rucksack with any number of desirable status symbols to improve his brand image as a hearty, outdoor type: Youth Hostel badge, dangling tin mug, Boy Scout insignia, college pennant, a national flag. If he is an honest hitcher, the national flag will be his own and will be firmly sewn onto the canvas. But there are those among the youth of the world today who despise the hoary nationalism of their elders; they see no harm in exploiting it by amassing a collection of half a dozen flags and swapping them at borders, pining on whatever nationality happens to find favor in the new territory. (They report that it pays to be American in Germany, British in Yugoslavia, German in Turkey.)

The standing hitcher is the guy who has developed his brain more than his calf muscles and who analyzes the moves of the hitching game with a detached and scientific eye. One of the most expert hitchers of my acquaintance is a research chemist; another, a computer programmer. A real pro, like one of these boys, knows from long experience and observation exactly the best places to solicit rides. You will never come across him waiting vainly in city centers, on curves, brows, bridges or fast stretches of road; his haunts are traffic lights, lay-bys, gas stations, frontier posts and just past the exits of traffic circles. Having taken up his pitch, he wouldn't dream of thumbing everything that passes. He has studied number plates like a horse-player studying form and knows just how to recognize a British car-delivery driver insured to take passengers (white figures on red) or how, in darkest Afghan-

istan, to spot a Fiat heading home to Milan (Mi on the plate). He will examine the state of the tires and will probably shun vehicles traveling at more than 90 mph or less than 20 mph. And if he is a real hitching snob he may even select the make of car that, in his estimation, contains the most amusing type of driver, or coolly turn down a proffered ride because he hears the wrong program on the radio.

Having chosen his target, he makes his signal in a confident and vigorous manner, unlike the amateur whose thumbing tends to be feeble and languid. The vigor can, of course, be overdone. Kate and I were thrilled when the first driver we signaled in France screamed instantly to a halt. We rushed up to the car shouting glad *merci's*, to be greeted by a furious Gallic tirade. So frenzied had our gestures been that the driver stopped for one reason only—he feared his back wheel must be falling off.

The expert does not invariably use his thumb, having learned that German motorists will respond to the wagging of a rigid forearm; while the salute of an up-raised palm is the accepted signal given by the comrade who wishes to *putye-shirokaya* in Siberia. He bares his teeth in a friendly boyish grin and looks the driver straight in the eye, well aware that hitchhiking is a form of psychological warfare, a battle of wits between the challenging hitcher and the defending drivers in which eventually he must prevail. If unsuccessful in his first few bouts he doesn't spend time snarling abuse but takes stock of himself and his tactics, combs his hair, dons a tie or a pair of reading glasses and returns to the fray.

A curious subgroup of the standing hitchers are the holders of hitching signs, the simplest of which are bare statements of intended destination. These have their hazards, as was discovered by the returning Harvard student, who held up a strip reading CAMBRIDGE, got a ride and awoke some hours later to find himself in Ambridge (Pa.). Signs occasionally contain an unblushing advertisement of the hitcher's desirability as a passenger, like the one reading DUALIN PLEASE—GOOD CONVERSATIONIST (GOOD LISTENER might have gone down

better with the Irish). It is not recommended that hitchers copy the earnest student who announced on his placard, I KNOW A THOUSAND JOKES.

One slick team prepared a series of signs, the first of which exhorted drivers to STOP AT CHARLEY'S. The next one read, 100 FEET TO CHARLEY'S, followed by ONLY 100 FEET TO CHARLEY'S and culminating in I AM CHARLEY! When a car stopped all four boys abandoned their notices and ran to take their seats; drivers were usually too staggered to refuse them.

The most hearty walker, or the most expert stander, will occasionally see the traffic stream by without him. My computer-expert friend once counted 57 disconsolate hitchhikers standing shiftless and listless on a traffic island south of Munich. What stratagems do hitchers adopt when really desperate for a ride? An unscrupulous New Zealander tells me he stands on one leg, grasps the other ankle behind his back and does a fairly convincing crippled hitch.

The favorite ploy used by a Californian beatnik of my acquaintance is to act the stranded motorist, standing with an empty gas can in one hand. One day he was picked up on the outskirts of London by a most amiable chap, and after a while the subject got around to hitchhikers. "I like hitchers. I always pick 'em up," said the driver. "Well, if you really want to know," my friend confessed, "I'm one myself. This thing is just a gimmick." They both had a jolly good laugh about it, after which the driver went around the next traffic circle—right around—and 10 miles back along the road to the spot where he had picked the wise guy up.

"There you are, mate," he said, opening the door for him. "That's what I think of gimmicks."

Most devilish of all driver traps is the accident-faking observed in France last summer. A hitcher slaps the side of a moving car and then makes a dramatic fall into the road. The driver, however hardhearted, fears he has done some terrible injury and takes the "victim" aboard. One distressing result of these tactics was discovered by a public-spirited wayfarer, who recently found him-

continued

self at the scene of a perfectly genuine hit-and-run accident. A wounded pedestrian was lying on the road, and the young Galahad waved frantically at car after car in an effort to get someone to stop and take the poor fellow to the hospital. He was puzzled at the callous way motorists drove carefully around the body and sped on, until, at last, one leaned out and shouted, "Lousy hitchhikers!"

All these devious and calculating methods, quite apart from their legal and ethical aspects, lack the gay spontaneity that is the essence of hitchhiking. Far better to set off in the morning, full of ill-founded hopes and great expectations, and take a bus to the outskirts of some great city—Stockholm or London or Istanbul—ready to take your chance. You wonder what your first ride will be. What, indeed, for this is the very greatest of the several joys of hitchhiking, the lure of the unexpected. It could be, and has been, an Andalusian manure cart or a Queen-carrying Daimler, the sidecar of a motorcycle or a 180-hp tank transporter. Perhaps it will be a school bus, a vintage Rolls, a hearse, a horse, a sports car or a steamroller. Even the

dull-looking, family-type sedan can be full of surprises. The New Zealand lad, making his way to England with \$20 in his pocket, thumbed one such vehicle in Malaya, rode more than a hundred luxurious miles and then discovered that it was a taxi. After that, he couldn't afford to eat for three days.

Experienced travelers have found themselves sharing the back of a truck with a reeking cargo of smoked eels, have been asked to sit (very carefully, please) upon a hundred crates of fresh eggs and have been allowed to find a niche among a load of bananas only on condition that they ate enough of them to make space for their baggage. The most uncomfortable ride I ever endured was 10 hours traveling through the north of France balancing my bony frame on a load of cement bags. Stiff and aching, I thumbed another cation and to my delight was cordially invited to ride through the night upon a mountain of luxury mattresses. Now, I thought, my beauty rest was guaranteed, but I suffered instead a violent bout of travel sickness brought on by the gentle undulations of 20 sets of innersprings.

We hitchhikers are, in general, a gregarious and tolerant lot, prepared at the outset to get along with all sorts and conditions of mankind, and we soon discover that it is necessary to extend this benevolent camaraderie toward the animal kingdom. In addition to rides upon horses and camels and in carts drawn by mules, oxen and water buffalo, hitchhikers have been called upon to travel as part of a consignment of chickens, sheep, pigs or calves, with a few fleas thrown in for good measure; they have accepted invitations to share a cage at the back of a station wagon with a snarling Alsatian or a friendly, face-licking bloodhound puppy. I once thumbed a brightly painted truck in the French Alps and was told to "hop in the back," only to find myself cheek, as it were, to cheek with the massive rear of a circus elephant. At least that was alive. An Indian writer, Samira Rama Rau, was offered a dead goat as a nice, resilient cushion when she hitched a slow ride through China on the roof of a truck some years ago.

There is, alas, no slide rule that can

be used to estimate the speed of a hitchhiking journey. An angler's tale is much the same as a hitcher's tale: lop a few pounds off the one, add a few hours onto the other. The only hitching feat vouched for by *The Guinness Book of Records* is the British one for the 873 miles from Land's End to John o' Groats in 39 hours' actual traveling time. Hitchhikers claim to have covered the 823 miles from Zagreb to Brussels in two days, the 1,269 miles from Hamburg to Gibraltar in three and the 1,842 miles from Ostend to Istanbul in five. Shorter spurts at more than 100 mph are common, but the fastest rides are not always the most agreeable. I heard of a stylish blonde with a taste for stylish cars who was picked up by a very dapper English gentleman with pearl-gray hair and a pearl-gray suit, driving a beautiful pearl-gray Daimler. She settled into the (pearl-gray) leather seat and they set off, the speedometer rising by easy stages to close on 100.

"My dear young lady," announced the driver, "you'll never believe what I have to tell you."

"No?" she said calmly, for hitchhikers are used to confidences.

"I'm 93," he quavered, veering toward the center of the road as he turned to watch her turn pearl-gray with alarm.

Slow journeys can be equally distressing. Some hitchhikers take five days to cover the 175 miles from Calais to Paris—that dismal stretch that shares with the Riviera Corniche the distinction of being the slowest of all continental hitching routes. In civilized areas the hitcher who finds himself dawdling uphill in a gravel truck, or jerking by inches in a milk delivery van, can always improve his rate of progress by climbing out and walking. But in wilder parts of the world it's not so simple. The hitcher who has been chased by wolves in the forests of Yugoslavia, or has seen the buzzards wheeling overhead as he wanders in the desert sun, thinks twice before leaving the safety of his vehicle, however slow. Which explains why people have crawled for as long as 24 hours across the Iranian wilderness in an oil truck—at two miles an hour.

continued



Kate insisted on bringing a long-handled umbrella, six coat hangers and a coffee pot.

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RULE OF THUMB *continued*

Boat hitches are sometimes even more leisurely. Heading south, I hitched a barge at the Quai des Invalides in Paris, together with a French puppeteer and two footloose Canadian chiropractors. The captain, a black-bearded anarchist, promised to take us as far as Marseille, and so he did. He neglected to mention that there would be several hundred locks en route, each requiring half an hour's negotiation, and that the journey would take two and a half months.

Kate, too polite to refuse the offer, feared she was in for a snail-paced ride when she accepted a lift in the back of a hearse in Hereford with two official mourners sitting sad and erect on the bench beside her. They drove through the town in a properly funeral manner, but once in open country the driver amused himself by racing every vehicle in sight, while the official mourners removed their top hats and played cribbage on top of the coffin. Another long-distance hearse rider was the New Zealander who was invited to share quarters with a body going for burial in his own home town, the driver wishing for more lively company. He was taken right to his front door, and when old Dad tottered out to investigate, the driver announced in lugubrious tones, "I have brought your son home."

Most motorists who give rides do so from simple altruism, but there can be other, more complicated reasons. One hefty fellow got a lift near Dublin in a ramshackle jalopy with three men inside, because they were having difficulty in steering—the car only balanced properly with a fourth. In even more desperate straits was the American lady who picked up a couple of British lads near Munich. She had rented a German car for the day, only to discover that the machine was equipped with a gearshift, a gadget she had never used in all her born days. Would they drive and show her how? With true British aplomb they came to her rescue and chauffeured her for several hundred miles, gallantly concealing the fact that they were even less qualified than she, being underage, unlicensed, uninsured and—although theoretically familiar with the workings of a gearshift—utterly unused to driv-

ing on the right-hand side of the road.

Other youths have been picked up and asked to take the wheel because the driver was too sleepy, too drunk or too hung-over to drive any farther. Girls have been asked to sing to fractious children and nurse car sick dogs. Once, in postwar Austria, Kate was given a ride to Salzburg by some French officers only because they needed a woman on board.



Hitchhikers are a tolerant lot, prepared to get along in all sorts of conditions.

Her duty was to chaperone (with a pistol) the woodland toilet expeditions of some handcuffed female prisoners.

Sometimes a lift-giver seeks a discreet and portable audience for the unburdening of some personal problem. The hitchhiker's patient sympathy is the price of his ride. For that reason medical students avoid disclosing their true vocation unless they are prepared to endure, from Boulogne to Beersheba, a series of stitch-by-stitch accounts of their drivers' symptoms, operations and scars. One such obliging young medico reckons he has misdiagnosed half the drivers in Europe. But when, trudging along a Swiss mountain road on a bleak, rideless day, he came on a man slumped in a coma over the wheel of his car he knew he had better use his medical knowledge fast if he was to save a life. Rightly presumed

continued

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when you say "stretch" you mean Jantzen. We do not mean that the name is now the "Stretch International Sports Club," or that baseball fans now should take a seventh inning Jantzen. The stretchy poi is in the bowl simply to call attention to the many stretch swim trunks now available. Many styles are influenced by the surftrunks favored by riders of the big waves. They are snug and comfortable, both in and out of the water, or flying through the air. Frank Gifford wears a stretch check, Bob Cousy has on elasticized duck stretch trunks with surfing competition stripes, Bobby Hull is in a stretch waffle texture, and Terry Baker is inside a stretch faillle. Sizes 28 to 38, prices about \$8; some \$1 less. Picture by Tom Kelley, at Hilton Hawaiian Village.

STRETCH FABRICS BY Beaunit



ing this was a diabetic in an acute state of hypoglycemia, he felt in his rucksack for some sugar lumps, put them beneath the driver's tongue and waited for him to recover consciousness. After about 10 minutes the patient began to look around him, and his rescuer explained what had happened. "Lucky thing for you that I happened along," he finished.

"Ja, ja," grunted the driver, switching on his engine.

"Say, mister," ventured the young man politely. "I wonder whether you would be kind enough to take me as far as Zurich?"

At this the Swiss pursed his lips and shook his head vehemently. "*Nein, nein, impossible!* I *neffer* pick up *stoppeurs*," and he roared off in a cloud of exhaust.

Mishaps and misunderstandings are the common fate of hitchhikers, and girls—particularly in Catholic countries—find most of the misunderstandings are about sex. One of the most ticklish trips Kate and I ever made was our journey to Rome in Holy Year, the innocent purpose of which was to look at baroque architecture: but we found ourselves tossed between the Scylla of lecherous truck drivers, who took us for tart, and the Charybdis of officious and well-meaning Catholic nuns, who took us for pilgrims. We tried to explain that we were neither, with singular lack of success. Looking back on it now, it is hard to say which was the more unpleasant experience: being taken to a desolate beach by the truck drivers and locked into the back of a refrigerated cheese van, or having to escape out of the washroom window of the convent, where we had been incarcerated for safekeeping by the kindly black-shawled *regiere*.

Prudent hitchers should learn to pronounce a few essential phrases in the language of any country they plan to visit. "No, I am not that sort of girl," will do for a start. There are moments in every girl's life when a driver's gestures—whether searching for a road map, pointing out the landscape, or even changing gear—become so exploratory as to become personal, and she wants to get out of the car, but fast. After years of experiment I have discovered the perfect formula, which

serves equally well for cases of dangerous driving. Just commit the following to memory in several languages. "Sorry. I'm going to throw up."

Any personable young woman traveling alone may need to employ this sentence fairly frequently, for drivers will go to surprising lengths to further their acquaintance. There is a story of just such a dish, who thumbed a lift from a suave viscount driving a well-tuned Citroën DW saloon with a great bench seat in the front. She tried to keep well over by the door, but the moment they went around the first sharp bend she found herself interlocked with the driver. Disentangling herself, she remarked, "My, you do have very slippery seats."

"Yes," he said. "I was *zem*."

Hatpins, pepper pots, pistols, ice skates, umbrellas and tennis rackets are among the defensive weapons carried by cautious female hitchers. Others have crossed three continents armed with just sense and innocence and have managed by diplomacy alone to ward off proposals of orgies in Israel, prostitution in Andorra, companionable husband-sharing in West Africa and even marriage in Kabul. They have been rewarded by displays of a most touching chivalry in primitive places: the two pretty Australian girls spent the night in the cab of a truck high in the mountains of Kashmir, while their drivers watched over them out in the cold night air; five young Peace Corps school marmes, hitching across the Sahara, were similarly guarded by the Arab nomads among whom they made their camp.

For every ominous incident one hears 20 about the kindness of drivers who traveled long extra distances to take a hitchhiker to his exact destination or to ensure that he doesn't miss some renowned local wonder—be it Stonehenge, the Parthenon, the Pyramids, or Angkor Wat. A driver in North Wales took me 100 miles out of his way, explaining that it was no trouble—he was breaking in a new engine. A Virginia college boy was invited to a sumptuous, bagpipe-accompanied dinner by a Scottish nobleman and stayed the night in his turreted castle. In Malaya a local businessman profited the cost of a

continued



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RULE OF THUMB continued

1,000-mile train journey for the New Zealand lad because he was worried about his hitching alone. A wealthy Portuguese, who picked up the healthy Australian girl, lent them his beautifully furnished apartment in Estoril for a couple of weeks on the strength of three hours' acquaintance. They accepted (after some anguished doubts of his intentions) and found that, indeed, there were no strings attached.

And since this help is freely offered by so many motorists whose own adventuring days may be over, is it so very wrong to accept it, with the firm intention of repaying such generosity in kind when we in our turn become the affluent knights of the road?

People who did their hitchhiking many years ago—who perhaps got around by lorry-hopping during World War I and who later witnessed the explosion of transcontinental hitching after World War II—these people will have you believe that the Golden Age of hitchhiking is over, that it is a pastime degraded by overpopularity, made unworthy by unsporting tricks or dangerous by sordid crime, discredited by motorists and officialdom alike.

But if you come and join us on the highroad south from Paris you will find that they are wrong. For each new generation that sets off with uncalled-for hearts and feet upon the Open Road, the world is as innocent and free as it was for Whitman when he proclaimed—with the cheerful confidence that made him such a supremely successful hitchhiker:

*I think whatever I shall meet on the road
I shall like and wherever beholders are
shall like me . . .*

*I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the
south and the north are mine. . .*

*What is it I interchange so suddenly with
strangers?*

*What with some driver as I ride on the
seat by his side? . . .*

*Alas! the road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet
have trod it well—be not deterred! . . .*

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In the four weeks before Ralph Houk was reinstated as NEW YORK (2-1) manager the Yankees won four games, lost 16 and were in last place. In the first three weeks after Houk took command, the club won 13 games, lost four and moved into sixth place. "It's not me," said Houk, disclaiming any credit. Yet he undoubtedly was responsible for the revival of Yankee spirit. Like the Yankees of bygone days, they took advantage of every break, utilizing opponents' errors to help beat them. Last week they did that to CHICAGO (1-3), whose defense this season has been worse than Henry Cooper's. During one 12-game span the White Sox committed two dozen errors. The Sox were also hobbled by weeknly weak hitting and last week Chicago's most effective offense was built around balks by BALTIMORE (4-1) Pachers Jim Palmer and Steve Barber. Palmer's came while pitching to Torrie Agee, who hit a home run on the balk pitch—the first homer for the Sox in five games. Barber's balk the next day gave Chicago a 3-2 victory. MINNESOTA (1-4) was averaging 3.6 runs a game as compared to the 4.8 scored a year ago and that 1.2 difference has been costly, for the Twins are 5-10 in one-run games. Two reasons for the decline in scoring: 1) the Twins have been called out on strikes 59 times; 2) Tony Oliva, despite his league-leading .374 batting average, was hitting only .206 against left-handers. DETROIT (2-4), which had moved to within a game and a half of league-leading CLEVELAND (5-1), lost four games in a row, three to the Indians. Ailing Tiger Manager Charlie Dressen sent a telegram to his players before the big series urging them to TEST DADDY WAGS' ARM IN THE FIRST GAME. The test came quickly. Don Wert led off the first inning with a sin-

gle, tried to stretch it into a double and was thrown out by Leon Wagner. "Tell Charlie my arm is making a comeback," said Daddy Wags. KANSAS (3-2) stayed with the long ball and out of last place. The Red Sox hit 10 homers to run the streak of games in which they had homered to 12. The CALIFORNIA (2-2) Angels left Anaheim Stadium, where their 19 home runs in 20 games had enabled them to win 12 of the 20, and on their last road trip hit only five in 10 games—and lost seven of the 10. Al Dark of KANSAS CITY (2-3) told his .205-hitting A's to "go up there swinging." He also decided to play Catcher Phil Roof, an .000 batter. The A's swung at the first six pitches thrown by Mike McCormick of WASHINGTON (2-3) and in a jiffy had three hits and two runs. Still, it was Roof, who hit the first triple of his career and then, with two out in the 12th, his first homer, who won the game. Don Lock of the Senators won two games in the ninth with a homer and single.

Standings: Clev 27-18, Balt 22-25, Det 22-18, Cal 20-25, Minn 17-15, NY 12-20, Chi 15-20, Wash 12-22, Bos 15-21, KC 12-24

NATIONAL LEAGUE

CINCINNATI'S (3-2) resurgence has been even more emphatic than that of the Yankees. Floundering badly, the Reds won only four of 17 games at the start. Then came the magical transformation—with the same manager in charge—that enabled them to hit three times as many homers as before, win 15 of the next 19 games and move from ninth place into the first division. LOS ANGELES (5-0) won on an eighth-inning homer by Ron Fairly, a two-out, two-run single in the ninth by Wes Parker and on a 30-foot roller that had more wriggles than a chorus line. John Roseboro was on sec-

ond with two out in the ninth when Derrell Griffith's bat rolled far, then foul, then fair as the Padres watched helplessly. They felt even more helpless when Roseboro, noticing that no one was guarding home, came all the way around to score the winning run. Claude Osteen shut out NEW YORK (0-4) on three singles, and while Manager Wes Westrum talked about the newfound "togetherness" among his Mets they collectively fell into ninth place. Five-hit pitching by Larry Dierker and two fine relief jobs by Claude Raymond bolstered HOUSTON (3-4). SAN FRANCISCO (2-3) needed strong pitching by Gaylord Perry and Juan Marichal (below) to keep from skidding. Pitcher Ray Sadecki was hit hard for the fourth straight time since coming to the club. Orlando Cepeda, who went to ST. LOUIS (2-2) in the Sadecki trade, was hitting .297 as a Cardinal. With the score 3-3 in the ninth, CHICAGO (2-3) rookie Randy Hundley was awarded first base when the umpire said that ATLANTA (2-3) Catcher Joe Torre had tipped his bat. Bobby Bragan, manager of the Braves, argued that Hundley had deliberately hit Torre's glove himself. Hundley did not dispute the charge, but he did wind up on first and set up the winning run. Superhypocondriac Roberto Clemente of PITTSBURGH (4-3) complained that his bat was "tired" and benched himself. Manny Mota replaced the three-time batting champion and hit at a .625 pace. "Hitting is all mental," said Manager Gene Mauch of PHILADELPHIA (3-3), but after three straight one-run defeats Mauch put his thinkers through a lengthy batting drill after the game. Then, applying speed and muscle—as well as mental effort—the Phils beat the Giants 9-2.

Standings: SF 27-16, LA 25-17, Min 24-15, NY 23-18, Phil 20-18, Cin 19-18, Atl 22-24, StL 17-21, NY 12-23, Chi 11-27

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

With only a quarter of the season gone by, Juan Marichal of San Francisco had nine victories and no defeats, 60 strikeouts and only eight walks, four shutouts, an ERA of 0.59 and a great chance to become the first 30-game winner since Dizzy Dean did it 32 years ago. In his first 10 starts Marichal had eight complete games. In one of the two (incomplete) games, the Giants led 13-2 after five innings and Marichal was removed to rest up for his next assignment. In the other, an extra-inning duel with the Dodgers, Juan was taken out after 10 innings. Last week he went 14 innings and beat the Phillies 1-0. Marichal not only has the most distinctive pitching motion in the ma-

jor—he raises his left leg almost perpendicularly above his head and drops his right hand low, almost to the ground, before rocking forward and firing to the plate—he also has the most distinctive selection of pitches: fast ball, slider, curve, screwball and changeup, plus a disconcerting variety of speeds at which to throw them. For all his success, Marichal has been pitching with a chronic bad back, a pronounced nasal allergy, a bruised knee, a wrenched ankle and a pulled groin muscle. His elbow, which tends to calcify, is packed with ice after each game. Too, there is the pending lawsuit filed by John Roseboro, whom Marichal hit with a bat last year. But Juan has raised his arm against this sea of troubles and, thus far, has more than overcome them.



GIANTS' JUAN MARIACHAL

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING—"I can't believe it is only one!" said JUDY LEE, 26, part-owner of a Columbia restaurant in Los Angeles, after defeating Nancy Patterson of Phoenix, Ariz., 799-760 and 791-742 in two last-people matches to win the Western's International Bowling Congress' Queens double-elimination tournament in New Orleans. Miss Lee, who last earlier to Miss Margaret Bess, 46, lost last Larry Backs of Hayward, Calif., to join the finals. Became the first bowler in the tournament's 10-year history to come from a fourth bracket and win the title.

In the American Bowling Congress senior 40-plus tournament in Rochester, N.Y., leaving pits LES SCHWILKE, 36, of Denver became the third bowler in A.B.C. history to win three titles as he took the classic singles (with a record 160), the classic all-events (with 2,112) and joined the ACE METCHELL SHURSHOCKS of Adams, Ohio, to win the classic team event (with 6,516 points). Other division winners were DON CHAPMAN of Scranton, Pa., regular singles; JOHN J. BARNETT, Jr., regular all-events; TONY LOGICANO and BOB KWIECEN of Detroit, regular doubles; PLAZA LANEY of San Jose, Santa Clara Co., regular teams; JIM STEFANICH and ANDY ROKOSZNEK of Chicago, classic doubles; and PATTY DAIRY of Rochester, women's team.

BOXING—California Heavyweight JERRY QUARRY, who has won 17 fights and had three draws in 19 years of professional boxing, and TONY ALONZO of Paramount, N.J., a veteran of 43 fights, fought to a 10-round draw in Los Angeles, Nevada. After their first match, as March at New York's Madison Square Garden, was also a draw (1-0-1).

Undebated when he raised pop after winning the Olympic heavyweight gold medal in 1964, Pula defeat on JOE TRAZIER, issued his 10th young professional knockout when he scored 41 points of Memphis in 2-13 of the record of a scheduled 10-rounder in Los Angeles.

FOOTBALL—The NFL and AFL went on searching for one another about player-trading in ROMAN GABRIEL, 26-year-old Rams quarterback. Born North Carolina State, senior, signed with the Rams in both camps. Gabriel, who has won the past four seasons with the NFL's Los Angeles club, reportedly signed up to stay another two years for the Rams and a few days after he had reportedly signed another contract to back playing with the Oakland Raiders of the American Football League in 1967. "I had a long conversation with Gabriel, and he signed a contract with us," said Gordon Serling, general manager of the Rams. But the Rams' interest in Gabriel had waned with them for "66-67" with an option for 1968. Whenever

his signature might be, Gabriel's brain was plainly in L.A. "The Rams are my team," he said, "I plan to be with them for many years to come."

HOCKEY—Richard Downings' RICK HANOVER, named from the team, won his 48th of 50th game when he won his 48th of 50th in the 546-111 Redemptive. Moved up to the winner's spot in the betting, Redemptive paid \$14.00. Debut by William Miller, RODO HANOVER, the 3-year-old who age one leg up on opening's Triple Crown by winning the Gate Futurity two weeks ago, scored an easy 15-length victory over Rocky Adams in the \$15,000 Cornerstone Pace at Rousesville. Redemptive's opening summer meeting, Rocky Adams paid \$6.00 to win, because better (except for 1-in double and extra wagers) was named on Rousesville.

HOCKEY—BERRY HULL, 27, the Chicago Black Hawks left winger who broke two National Hockey League scoring records this season with 34 goals and 97 points, won the Hart Memorial Trophy as the league's most valuable player for the second consecutive year. Hull is the fourth player ever to win the award twice.

HORSE RACING—Queen Elizabeth was under a foot, but everyone else huddled under another in the development at Epsom, England, as they watched Lady St. Werburgh's CHARLOTTETOWN, with American Sable Breeding up, with the Derby by a neck over Frodo in the closing finish of the English classic since 1949. "I nearly fainted when I saw Charlotown going back to sea," said Lady Werburgh, who was delighted with the \$335,575 prize, but not too pleased with the winner who tried to lose her half after the race. Charlotown's son, Charlotown, won the French Derby in 1960. In that day, Mild, the Oaks in 1955. This makes the 3-year-old the first of his offspring to win one of these two stables races ever to take the Derby.

Two days later the Queen ran at Epsom again—this time without her umbrella—on chair on a new Oaks winner as Lester Piggott rode VALERIE, a 3-year-old, named favorite owned by English Middlesex County Club, to an easy 15-length victory over American Paul Martin's Berkeley. Berkeley, in this 18-year-old Epsom classic for 3-year-old fillies. "This is my first classic success, and it has taken me 30 years to achieve it," said Clont, who collected \$95,000 for the victory.

BOWLING—Crack Joe Ben's Pennsylvania crew won Carnegie's waters club as Penn's variety won over Cornell by one length. Penn's players beat the Big Red by 19, 10-10, and the Salvation from Penn-

nyon crossed the line 11 lengths ahead of their Cornell counterparts in Ithaca, N.Y.

TENNIS—In a major upset, Dennis Ralston upturning U.S. player and thereby Argentine male foil in the singles, was routed out of the French championships in the fourth round by opponent Rainer ALEXANDER METZRELL 6-4, 2-6, 6-1, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD—MARYLAND was its second straight NCAA team title with a total of 40 points (27 in field events) in Villanova landed second with 31 and Morgan State was third with 20 as the outdoor meet on Randall Island, N.Y.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY'S 40-year relay team—Harvey Nance, Gregory Harris, Walter Johnson and George Anderson—slipped 1 second off the world record (for its 3-4-1 last year) with a 29.6 clocking at the California Relays in Modesto, Calif.

WRESTLING—APPOINTED: As personal doctor of the Baltimore Colts, UPTON BELL, 26-year-old son of the late Bert Bell, commissioner of the National Football League for 11 years. Young Bell has spent the past six years leaving the benches with the Colts (not sales and scouting departments).

NAMED, Minneapolis-St. Paul's new National Hockey League team in an eight-million-dollar offer of a price of \$100 (on savings bonds) and two season tickets. Naming name: NORTH STARS.

Hired PETE REISER, 46, who played 12 years of major league baseball in the outfield of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Boston, Pittsburgh and Cleveland, as manager of the Dallas-Fort Worth baseball team in the Texas League.

REHired—As a player by the Philadelphia Phis, LARRY COSTELLO, Jr., who played 10 years in the NBA with Philadelphia and Syracuse before retiring from pro ball to become a high school coach in 1965. A former Niagara star forward, Costello played in 627 pro games and scored 8,941 points for an average of 14.4 per game.

DIED JIM BARNES, 79, one of golf's "Big Three" (with Walter Hagen and Ben Huchinson) in the 1920s, in East Orange, N.J. Barnes won the PGA Championship in 1914 and 1919, the U.S. Open in 1921 and the British Open in 1925. He came to the U.S. from his native County, England, in 1906 because "considerable war and about the state of California being a land of sunshine with mild winter, and this was my first tournament—the Pacific Coast Open in 1914. I started, whose trademark on the golf course was the coal of teeth claver he always carried, won his first tournament—the Pacific Northwest Open—in 1908. He ended his playing days in 1930 and recorded his last notable victory in 1931 in the New Jersey Open. His last hole-in-one he was had golf pro at the North Haverford Country Club in Port Washington, N.Y.

CREDITS

4—Record 20, 21—Lift 23—James Doyle 28—Sherry & Long 30—Chris Cleveland 31—Bill Moore from Irving 32—Ernest Whitford 31, 32—Rational 35—Will Sauter, 33—Red Lister, 34—UP, AF, Gittings

FACES IN THE CROWD



PATTI HOGAN of La Jolla, Calif. began playing tennis at age 8 and now, eight years later, is ranked No. 2 of girls 16-and-under. Patti lifted to win the U.S. hardcourt title, but she did upset veterans Nancy Richey and Kene-mary Casals before losing in the finals.



GREG SPANH, clean-up batter at Hansthorpe (ORIA) High, struck out only four times to rack up a .490 batting average that included a number of doubles, triples, and two home runs. Greg learned to hit in practice sessions with his father Warren, a fine country pitcher.



DANA DELOIS, 31, has been fishing now his Sterling, Mass. home all his life. Caught with a goldfish last pointed fluorescent orange to Washington. Renowned, he reeled in a 19-pound and 10-ounce brown trout that proved to be the largest ever caught in his state.



JOHN OXLEY, a 52-year-old rancher from Oage County, Okla., has been playing polo for 10 years. He scored nine goals in three games (including four in the final) to lead his Tulsa team to the U.S. National Open Championship in Santa Barbara, Calif.



PEG GREENBERG, a 14-year-old golfer, took up golfing 14 years ago and played "every day for the first five years." She just won her 16th championship by beating Audrey Cule of Costa Mesa, Calif., by three strokes on the Western Hills course in Chino, Calif.



RICHARD GILBERT, a senior at Choate School in Wallingford, Conn., took a first and a second in shotgun and decus at a meet with Cheshire Academy. Then, with only two days' practice in his jumping, he leaped 6 feet 11 inches to break a school record set in 1933.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

AFRICA'S PLAYER

Sirs:

I was pleased with John Underwood's portrayal of Gary Player (*Gary and His Beloved Country*, May 23). I have the greatest admiration for this fine athlete as a golfer and a fairly man. However, I feel that Player has misrepresented the South African attitude concerning apartheid and subjugation of the blacks. His examples are very limited (the caddy who "adores" him and the happy blacks who visited him at his barbecue) and hardly justify a situation where a white minority of 19.3% completely controls the political and economic structure of the country. That the South African blacks are incapable of self-government is a highly debatable proposition, for various political organizations of the blacks do exist despite strong government disapproval.

MARK L. SMITH

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

Gary Player's outspoken support of apartheid—which stands branded before the world as enforced dehumanization of South Africa's black people—probably takes nothing from his ability as a golfer. But how can any person believing in fair play justify such an evil?

RICHARD ARRINGTON JR.

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

John Underwood's excellent article is well-written and perspicacious, traits so rarely found in most of today's leading periodicals. Player's example, both as a golfer and a man who, like many of us and many of his countrymen, just wants everyone to like him, should have been expounded long ago. His gift of his Open purse to the furtherance of junior golf in America went almost unnoticed here but was acknowledged in South Africa as typical of the generosity and thoughtfulness of one of that country's leading ambassadors. As for Player's personal credo, few if any writers today would have dared to be so objective in reporting it. And yet greatness, both athletic and otherwise, is due in large part to individual honesty as well as to long hours of hard work. As Underwood's article points out, Gary Player is the kind of man who should serve as an inspiration; he is much more than a good golfer.

WALLACE NABERS

Durham, N.C.

TEXAS' AFRICA

Sirs:

Guaranteed big-game shooting in the "wolds" of Texas? Duncan Barnes's article

(*Deep in the Heart of Darkest Texas*, May 23) serves as a sad commentary on the extremes to which certain alleged "sportsmen" will go in order to collect an "exotic" trophy. It is beyond me how a man can put the label of "trophy" on an animal that he shot from a television-equipped blind, while the animal was feeding from a motor-driven feed trough in a tightly fenced-in pasture.

Admittedly, to go into India after black buck antelope or into North Africa after zoudid ram is an expensive, time-consuming and physically demanding proposition. But it has always been my impression that it is because these beautiful animals are so difficult to obtain in their natural habitat that they are called exotic and have been widely sought by hunters the world over. To take one of these animals on its own terms would seem to be a truly satisfying accomplishment. But I should think that the man who bags his exotics in the way suggested by the Texas ranchers would be just as happy if he could buy his trophy at the neighborhood department store.

JOHN R. JOLLY JR.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

Evidently, this country has no shortage of ghoulies who are anxious to set their gungstings on domestically raised animals and are willing to pay to do it. So, along with a mouflon sheep or a buffalo for the wealthy, why not include a steer for the less affluent ghoulies?

It is pretty much the same "sport," only a different trophy and, after all, a steer is a large animal. The country could then enjoy a lower cost of beef.

CHARLES A. GARRIS JR.

Little Neck, N.Y.

FINAL EXAM

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's excellent series on Carousal City regrettably has come to an end. However, I would like to comment on the insert, "How Beating Experts Rank Clay" (May 9), that accompanied the final installment. When Nat Loubet says Clay "would have stood a good chance of beating Gene Tunney," a truly great fighter of a bygone day, he does not know what he is talking about. Clay's ability as a great puncher is not yet established. Tunney, who was atrociously underrated by some of the newsmen of his time (mostly because of his own attitude toward the press), was a deadly hater with both hands. The men he did not actually knock out were never the same after only 10 rounds with him. He also had tremendous strength and was almost impossible to hurt.

Jimmy Jacobs has a fine fight-film library, but I wonder how much jumpy old movies

can actually tell him about the real Tunney, Dempsey and Jack Johnson. Some of these old films serve only to caricature the actual fights. Johnson looks awkward in them. Tunney, at times, looks like a jumping jack. Clay is a great fighter, but he might become one of the three or four best of all time. But he must be allowed to mature.

GERALD MCINERNEY

St. John, N.B.

CROSSTOWN

Sirs:

Judging by your article on the USC-UCLA track meet (*If at First You Don't Succeed*, May 16), the Bruins have decided that Los Angeles is now their town. We at USC admit that they won a few streets during this school year, but that is all. USC can still boast of its NCAA swimming championships (UCLA was an also-ran), a gymnastics victory over UCLA, two tennis victories over the defending champions from Westwood, a trouncing of UCLA's golf team (after we suffered a slight slip to them earlier in the year) and No. 1 ranking in the nation in baseball.

As for a Bruin decade, remember that USC has just set a world record in the two-mile relay, boasts two of the best freshman track and field men in the nation (Paul Wilson and Lennox Miller) and will have almost an entire returning squad next year.

It may just take the Bruins another 33 tries to gain a part of our city.

TERY KALIN

Los Angeles

AS YOU LIKE IT

Sirs:

Permit me a protest concerning current goings-on in Pittsburgh. The Oakland area of Pittsburgh now contains what I consider to be America's most impressive cultural complex. Contiguous to one another are the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, the Mellon Institute, the Carnegie Library, Sycamore Mosque (home of the Pittsburgh Symphony), the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, a wide variety of medical facilities—and Forbes Field, home of the Pittsburgh Pirates. The proximity of the ball park to the rest of this complex symbolizes, to my mind, the integration of baseball into the intellectual life—something the educated American should cherish. Alas, Pittsburgh now proposes to raze Forbes Field and house the Pirates in a new ball park in the Lower Allegheny area, a place doubtless beloved by its residents but, unfortunately, of negligible intellectual pretensions. Further, Forbes Field is to be replaced by a law school—a suspect appendage of the academic community, at best. If this mad course

continued



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18TH HOLE *continued*

is followed—as now seems inevitable—there is a possibility that the statue of Honus Wagner will also be relocated. My purpose in writing is to make a public plea that the statue be allowed to remain, so that future scholars may continue to praise William Shakespeare, Johann Sebastian Bach and Honus Wagner all within a 90-second walk.

GEORGE W. HILTON

Los Angeles

SWEET AND SLOW

Sir:

Concerning Gordon R. Ludwig's suggestion of a 45-second rule to curb "dilly-dalliers" on the golf course (19th Hole, May 9), I would like to point out, first of all, that Jack Nicklaus and the other "slow" pros are playing for a few more "marbles" than the local 55 Nassau on Saturday morning. While it may be true that some amateurs attempt to imitate the pros without improving their own games, other golfers may actually enjoy a five-hour stroll around the course. What is more important, in the extra time they may learn something which will save them a few strokes. And shooting par, or close thereto, is what the game is all about.

As far as the actual length of a round of golf goes, I think it is important that the individual golfer play at the speed most comfortable for him. Otherwise, instead of counting strokes, perhaps we should count the minutes of the round, with the shortest time winning.

Lastly, a 45-second rule—or any other time limit—would mean that the PGA would have to employ a timekeeper for each player. Then there would have to be a judge for each foursome and, probably, several computers stationed at each hole. Let's allow Nicklaus and the rest to show us the type of championship golf they are capable of playing by letting them play at their own speed.

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

East Lansing, Mich.

ANDROS A LA MODE KIDNAP A HIDE

Sir:

I read with interest your extensive article on Andros Island (*Journey to Chickcharney Country*, May 9). However, John Underwood portrayed the island only as a game and fishing haven, emphasizing its very primitive areas without any mention of its hotels and other living accommodations for those people who enjoy these outdoor sports. For example, your readers might not realize that within just a few miles of the area you describe there is a very posh yachting, fishing and resort complex known as the Light-house Club.

It is my belief that such resorts add as much to the attraction of Andros Island as do its natural attributes.

A. C. COWAN

Chicago

Forty-foot Boats and Forty-foot Waves . . .

That is what the 1960 Bermuda race is often called. All contenders had a rough ride, some had it rougher than others, and for those aboard the 'Scylla' it was nearly catastrophic

by JACQUES MEGROZ

It was a bad start. We had two days of pea-soup fog off Newport and no wind of any consequence—and then two days of no wind at all. We just drifted in the Gulf Stream and watched the fungus grow on clothing and whatever else was stored below. The heat of the Stream warmed *Scylla's* fiber-glass hull to about 75°. The sun had added its share of heat by beating down on us as we ghosted along on the road to Bermuda.

But about 1530 that fifth afternoon, a Wednesday, we felt some air come in, and the boat came alive. We were soon responding to this opportunity by piling up onto the deck to enjoy the new experience and set and trim all the sail we could. At 1600 hours the destroyer *Hawk*, our escort vessel, came on the air with the afternoon weather report, which was local squalls and clearing.

At 1800 Jack Weston, Findlay Corsar and myself, as well as Charlie Ulmer, the skipper-owner, reluctantly went off watch. At this point we had reefed in the main. *Scylla* was driving with a bone in her teeth on a close reach, and as the light began to go we passed others of our size—much to our glee. The cabin was still like a steam bath, and the humidity from the rain squalls that accompanied the freshening air kept everyone sweating, but sweating happily.

There just isn't anything like a cold martini, some chow and the lively motion of a hull driving through the sea to make a sailor happy, and that's just what we had. Jack had stripped to his skivvies; Charlie, Findlay and myself to just about the same. Joe DuCorte, our navigator, worked the helm while we ate.

By 2000 hours we were heeling over so that we were having difficulty getting about below. We decided that before turning in we would go on deck and help the other watch reduce sail so we wouldn't get called out of the sack to do this later on.

We all agreed that we should roll in more reef in the main and go to a No. 4

Genoa with a very high foot and low center of effort that would prevent the seas from loading the sail with water and eventually exploding it. After we finished we all sat up on the weather deck watching with great interest as our proud *Scylla* began to drive through a forest of mast-head lights. Damn—if this wasn't the very essence of ocean racing!

By now the seas were extremely heavy, perhaps 30 to 35 feet high, and wind gusts were 55 knots—so violent that the tops of the seas were being ripped off and tossed on our decks, depositing the residue of the sea—sargasso seaweed, flying fish trying to escape our scuppers, even swimming between us and the cabin house in their rush back to the sea.

Before we went back on deck after chow, we had re-dressed for the storm. I still recall wearing a turtle-neck sweater my grandmother knit for me during World War II and my foul-weather gear. Also, we all wore safety belts that permitted us to hook up to the ship to prevent being swept overboard.

Jack Weston hastily put his foul-weather suit over his underwear and slipped into someone else's Top-Siders in his haste to get back up on deck. It was still warm, and clothing did not seem particularly necessary.

Once on deck, we persuaded the other watch that we had too much sail and the boat was lurching. We all shortened sail. I guess Joe DuCorte became holed under shortened canvas, so at this point Chuck Wilkey took over the helm.

Weston, sitting near the forward end of the cabin house, Corsar, just aft of him, and I, next to the after end of the cabin house, remained on deck. Two of the other watch, who were the duty watch, sat in the cockpit. They were Ray Kaufman, a well-known Sage champion and naval architect, and Ed Curran, a veteran of ocean racing.

DuCorte was below now, as were Ulmer and the remaining member of the crew, Joe Dempsey. They began to bail

with pails as, much to our surprise, the water suddenly came over the floorboards. Our pump would not pump. All the labels from our bulge-stored canned goods had soaked off and clogged our electric and mechanical equipment. This is the price we paid for organizing an ocean racing party too late in the season and not having a "soaking" party to remove the labels at home.

The three of us on the weather deck and off duty decided to stay there. The boat was being well sailed and no more than three could pass pails of water up on deck at one time, so we decided to conserve our energy until the bunks needed relief and then we three would take over their job.

We sat thinking of Beryl's (Charlie Ulmer's daughter's) remark as we left Newport for the race start. *Scylla* was built of fiber glass and was seamless, so there should be no leakage. "Don't worry, Dad, you will only leak through one crack right up the middle." She was referring to some early hulls built in two parts which split in half. No one was scared, but with a boat full of water coming from God knew where, with mountainous seas and a constantly freshening wind, there was some anxiety.

It was late—perhaps midnight—when Jack passed the word aft that he was cold, and wanted to hit the sack. Charlie and his group below had gained against the rising water, and there seemed no reason why he should not. It was necessary to unhook Jack's safety belt from the rail, pass it over each stanchion, and then rehook it in order for him to reach the companionway. Each time we did so, one of us would grab him by the belt while someone else rehooked his belt onto another section of rail.

I was next to the companionway, and had the last grab. Holding his belt I lowered him down two steps on the companionway ladder. He was facing forward and hanging on. "Are you O.K., Jack?" I asked. "Yes," he replied. I

Continued

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Forty-foot Waves

undid his hook, and handed it to him. He fastened it to the ring in his belt, and started down the ladder facing aft.

As he was turning, a gigantic sea hit *Scylla* under her starboard quarter and pitched Jack out of the hatch like a circus performer fired from a cannon. The main boom and sail were just beyond where Jack dropped, so they failed to stop his flight. He fell between the stanchion rail and the waterway combing. I reached for him as he flew out and ran to this day feel his belt rip my fingers as I tried to grab hold. I suppose one of two seconds at most elapsed as we watched in horror—and then Jack was gone into the boiling sea.

Ray Kaufman was the first to react. He shouted, "My God, he's overhead! Jack's overhead!"

We didn't know it at the time, but the effort to rescue Jack began before the race. A few months before we left Newport, he and I were riding in a car together and Jack said, half asking, half recounting, "I was going to put a case of liquor on *Scylla* for the race. Remember after the Block Island race when our wind indicator and compass lights killed our 12-volt battery and we couldn't start the diesel and had to sail from Stamford to City Island? Well," continued Jack, "I've decided to put a new 12-volt auxiliary battery and a set of jumper cables on board instead of the booze."

Kaufman's shouting brought us all out of shock, and we began to move. Chuck Wiley at the helm yelled into the cabin, "Navigator, give me a reciprocal course." Kaufman went to the weather side, our starboard, and cast adrift a rescue light with a horseshoe life ring attached. Ed Curran released a 10-foot-high flag and buoy that would locate the spot when daylight arrived. Findlay and I knew the boat was to be jibed, so we went forward to work the deck. We had little trouble getting the No. 4 Genoa down, but when we released the main halyard (it was on a self-winding winch and was of stainless-steel cable) we had a gigantic backlash on our hands from the great pressure on the sail slides. No one had released the mainsheet to ease this pressure off the main-sail. The wind and sea were so violent that those in the cockpit could not hear us ask them to do so.

Eventually, Fin and I managed to wind out the backlash with the wrench he carried on his belt and by my jumping



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up on the main boom and hauling on the bolt rope. We were still hooked on by our safety belts, but it was nonetheless an effort to stay aboard and still get the mainsail down. Meanwhile, our navigator had figured a reciprocal course and went to work on the ship-to-shore radio. He never did raise anyone.

While I was securing lines at the mast step, I kept looking aft at a strange light following us. I finally made myself heard, and Kaufman investigated only to find the old style rescue light he had thought he had released for Weston had fouled around the mizzen sheet and was, in fact, still secured to *Scylla*. He then threw over the new strobe-type rescue light and life ring, which we soon left far astern; we had not yet jibed *Scylla*.

Charlie Ulmer tried to start the engine with no success. The diesel just would not turn over. At this point Charlie carried forward the new 12-volt battery Jack had put aboard in place of a case of liquor. He hooked on the jumper cables, led them on deck and into a sail locker on the lee (port) side to secure them to the regular 12-volt system that was located in that locker. To do so he had to climb into the sail locker, and he had me shut it above him so the seas would not enter. It takes nerve to crawl into a dark locker thinking your boat is sinking, and ask someone to close the hatch on top of you.

We finally managed to get the diesel going, only to discover the propeller was out of water so much of the time we had no steerage. The mizzen was taken down, and Findlay and I went forward and hauled up the jib, as it was obvious we would have to turn the boat with the help of that sail. Once the jib was flying we were able to beat the boat around.

Meanwhile, Kaufman kept an eye out in the direction of the second strobe light he had released. We could not see the light at first but in minutes—we don't know how many—we began to see a pulsing-halo effect such as you experience when approaching a lighted city at night by air. The surface light was being refracted by the tops of the seas torn off by the wind and turned into wind spume. When we got to the light, Jack was there, too—bobbing in the heavy seas and waving the light. He was hollering to us, his words fighting the wind. "I'm all right," he was saying.

Our approach to Jack was almost downwind, being the reciprocal of a very

close reach when we lost him. We were on port tack, and our plan was to try and pick him up in the lee of the boat. It became quickly apparent we could not slow down and if we moved in we might crush Jack with our bow. Ulmer grabbed a new spinnaker sheet from a sail locker and heaved one end to Jack. He just missed it. Then we brought the boat around into the wind. DaCorte and I lay in the windward waterway and Chuck eased *Scylla* up to Jack and as a sea surged Joe and I rolled Jack on board, rescue light and all. Just then the diesel went dead. We raised a well-reefed main, the sails took charge and off we went back to hull speed.

Weston, in emotional shock, was put to bed. Wiley, Kaufman and I remained on deck the remainder of the night. Wiley had the helm at least 10 hours without a spell. Once during the remainder of the night a sea similar to the one which sent Weston over the side hit us and sent me all the way across the cockpit into the lee rail. I was hooked on and so cheated the sea of its prize. Wiley was also thrown, but the tiller caught him in the stomach and prevented his departure. In the darkness I wondered if *Scylla* would founder and the sea consume us all. In fact, I wondered why I had ever taken up ocean racing in the first place.

Dawn arrived, and now six years later I can still clearly see it and sense it as though it happened yesterday.

With the first gray light I began to see the size of the seas. I sat in utter awe as *Scylla* slid from a crest 40 feet in the air to a trough 40 feet below without turning turtle. As we reached the bottom of a trough our sails would go almost slack, since we were then below the wind. Then a sea would surge in under us and send us on a wild elevator ride back up into the gale and spray and cresting spine of each successive wave. Soon the sun came into view. As the clouds broke up and the sky grew brilliantly blue and the warmth of the sun increased, I began to enjoy the race again. The sea was still running big and the wind was strong, but it was apparent the worst was over. And we were still afloat.

The boys below who had had some sleep began to stir, and after a good breakfast we got down to the serious business of assessing our damages and opportunities.

Up forward we found the spinnaker

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halyard had gone adrift in the rescue and had fouled out the headstay aloft where a long steel pennant leads from the jib halyard to the head of the Genoa. With the jib fouled we were unable to change headsails.

We had no structural damage, but when Charlie threw over the spinnaker sheet in attempting to rescue Jack, it had fouled the propeller as we turned about, and that was the reason the diesel went dead. This is rather ironic considering Charlie manufactures throwing lines of polyvinyl that float and he had two aboard, but both were stowed away in the lazaret.

About 1100 that morning Jack came up on deck. He wanted to be alone, so we left him sitting amidships in the sun. Little by little he began to thaw out, and to tell us of his experience.

"I watched the stern light of *Sirifu* disappear as my eyes adjusted to the light and the first shock of finding myself overboard wore away. I just knew you guys were the kind who would come back for me." But when we had sailed on Jack said he had reached a point of giving up hope. The seas were monstrous, and he could see no lights. Despair set in. About this time in Jack's experience Kaufman must have launched the strobe light. At some later point Jack became aware of this pulsing light and hope re-awakened. He removed his foul-weather suit and started swimming toward the light. Jack had been a fine competitive swimmer and knew how to swim in the surf. He rallied all his strength and swam under the waves and their dangerous crests until he finally reached the light.

I had had the helm a while and asked to be relieved. When I was, I went up and asked Jack if he would help me run a new halyard through the spare mast-head block he had installed in Newport. This block made it possible to continue racing. Soon Jack was involved and by midafternoon was back up on the foredeck as full of fire as ever. *Seyla* felt good; she was driving and so were we. By dark we sighted Kitchen Shoals. By midnight we could see the finish.

We crossed the line at 0300, six days out of Newport. We dropped our canvas and took a tow from the very accommodating Bermudians since our propeller was still fouled from the rescue. Where did we finish? We finished twelfth in fleet—all of us.

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